

No. 2 *Little Miss Sunbeam*
COMICS

10¢



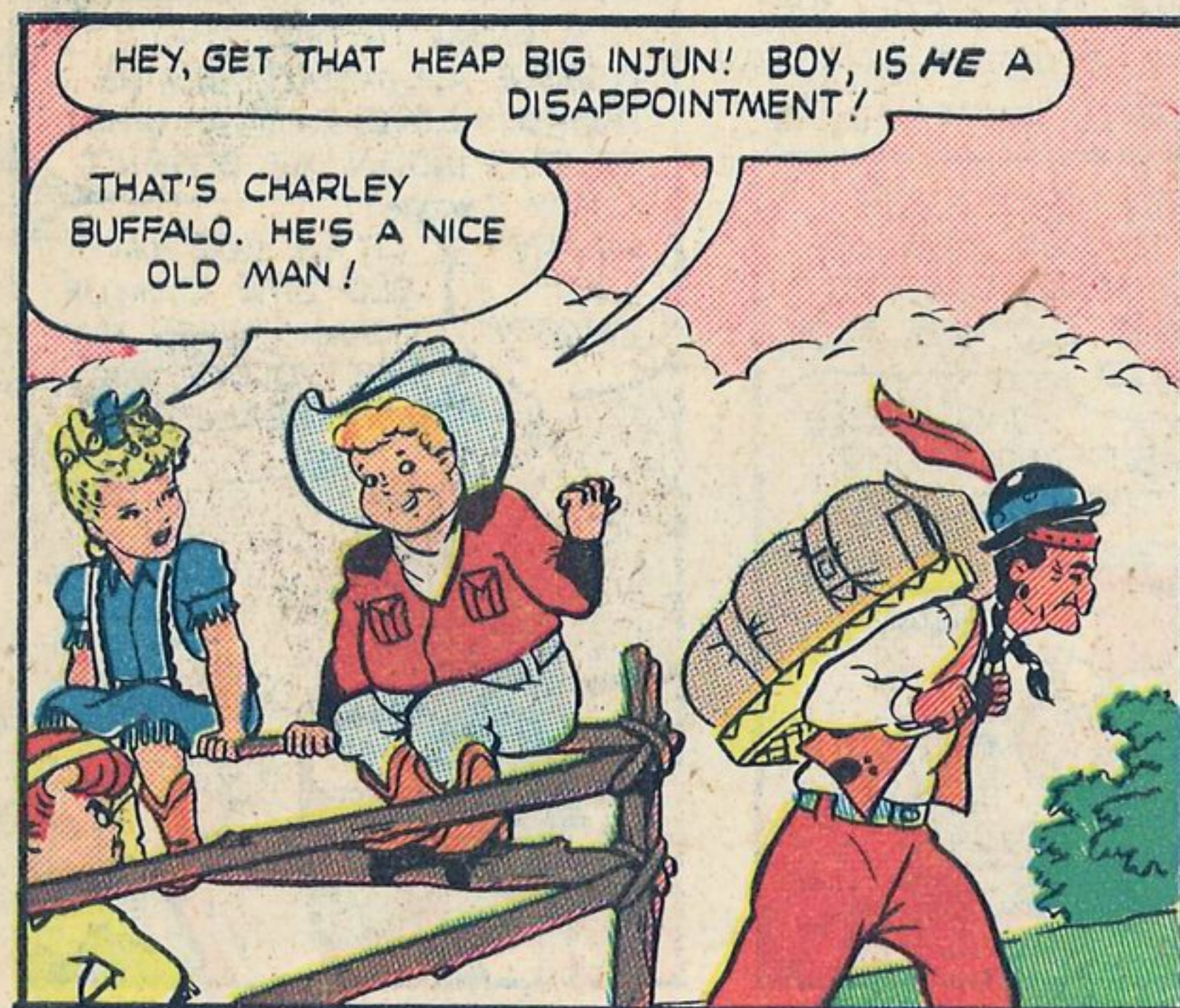
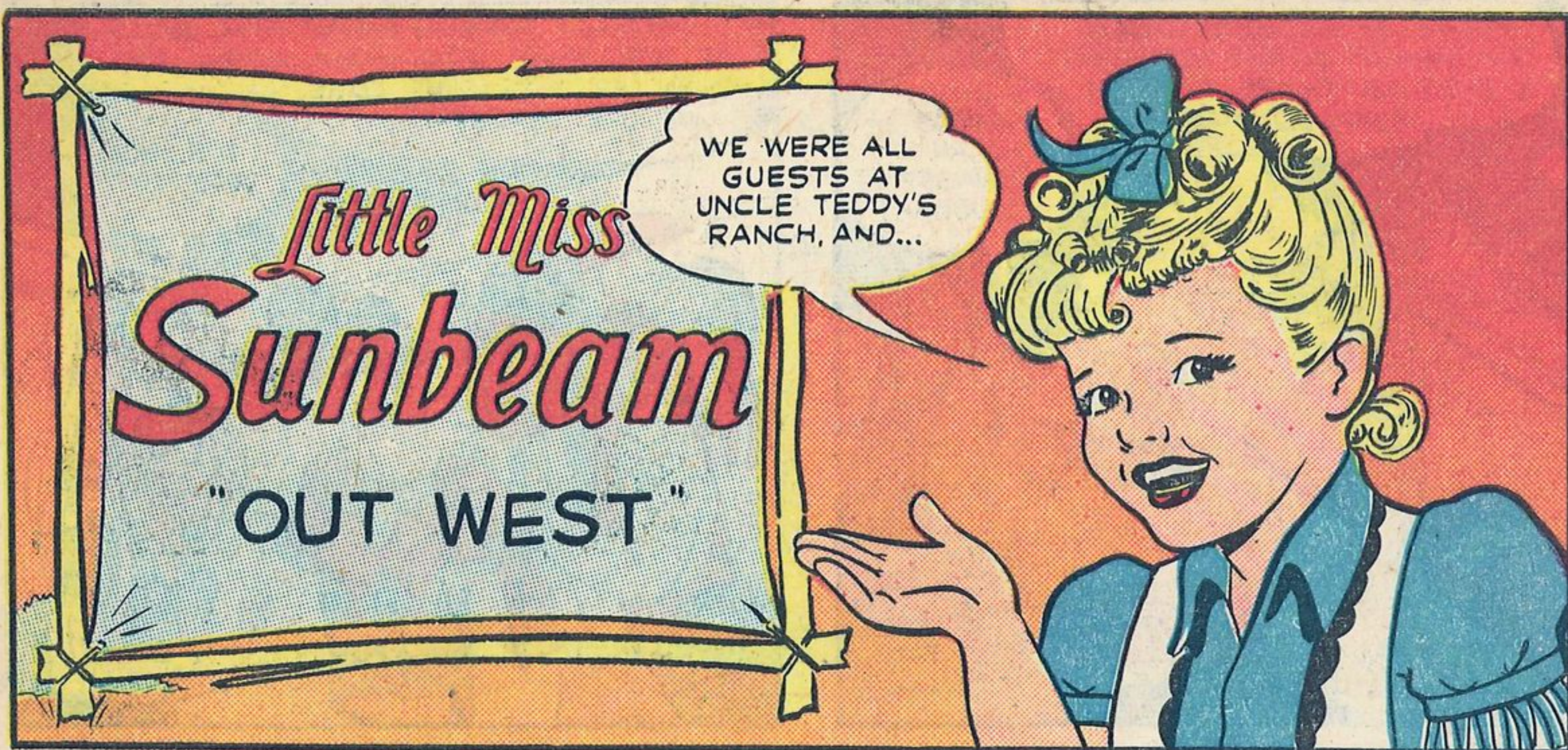


WEB COMIC
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THERE ARE
40 MISTAKES IN
THIS PICTURE. LOOK
FOR THEM AND SCORE
YOURSELF.' IF YOU
FIND 25, YOU'RE FAIR.
FIND 30 AND YOU'RE
GOOD. FIND 35 AND
YOU'RE VERY GOOD.
FIND 40 AND YOU'RE
EXCELLENT. LET'S SEE
HOW SMART YOU
ARE.

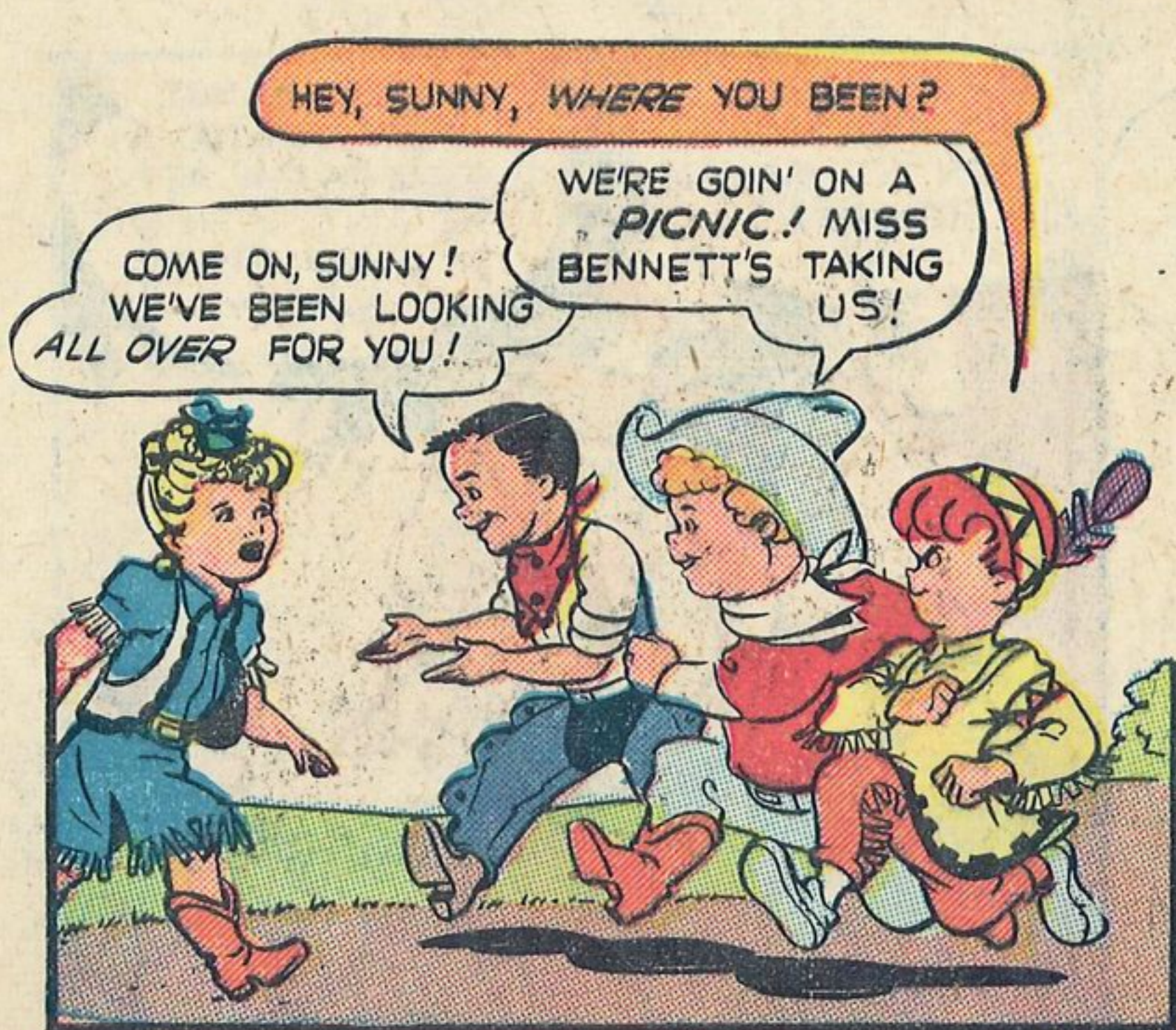
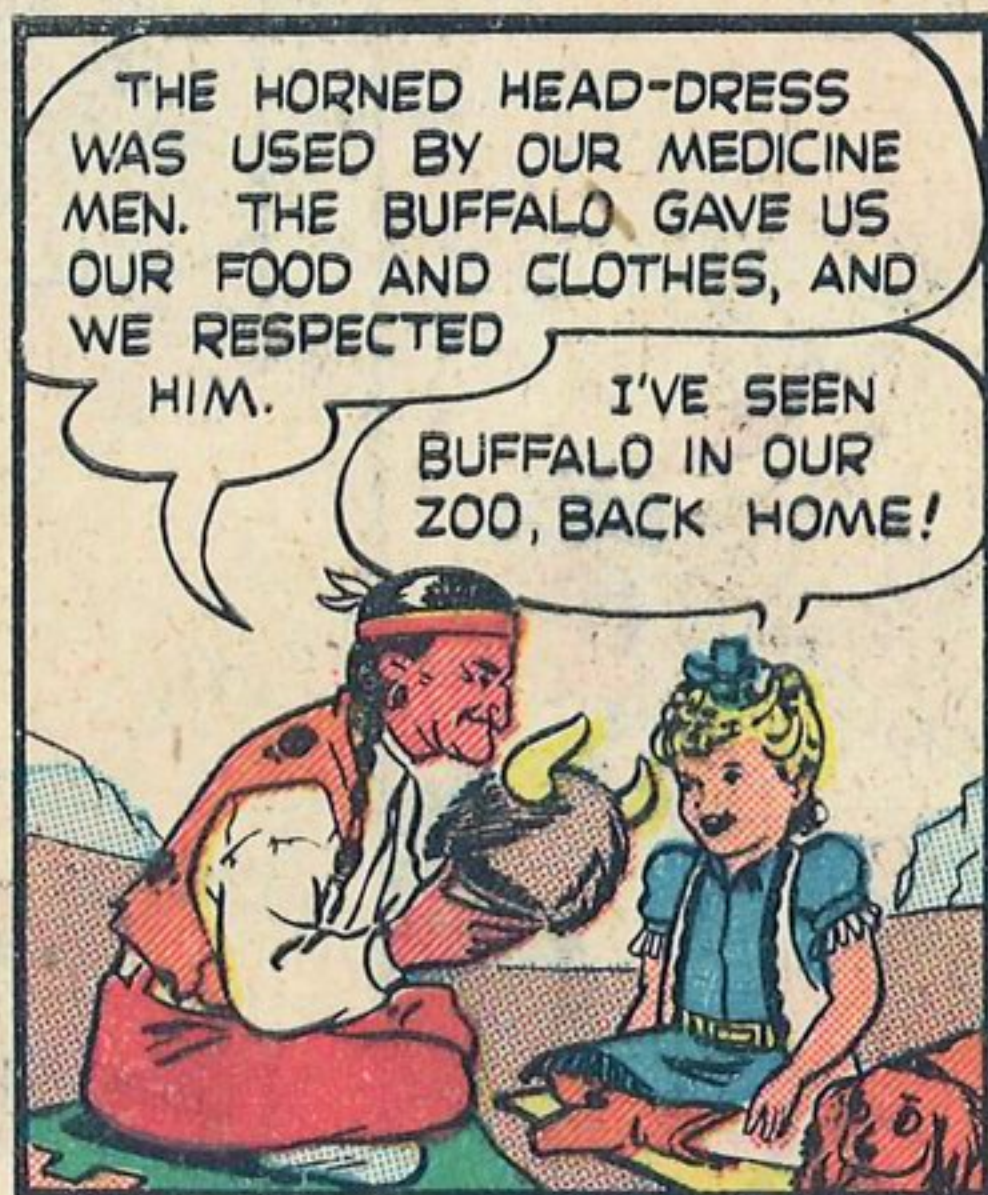


LITTLE MISS SUNBEAM COMICS. Aug.-Sept., 1950, Vol. 1, No. 2. Published bi-monthly by Magazine Enterprises, Inc., 11 Park Place, New York 7, N. Y. Vincent Sullivan, Publisher; Raymond C. Krank, Editor. Application for entry as second-class matter is pending at the post office at Buffalo, N. Y. Subscription, \$1.00 for 12 issues. All names used in this magazine are fictitious and no identification with actual persons or places is intended. Entire contents copyrighted 1950 by Magazine Enterprises, Inc. Printed in U. S. A.





IN THE DAYS THAT FOLLOW, CHARLEY BUFFALO TEACHES SUNNY MUCH WONDERFUL INDIAN LORE...



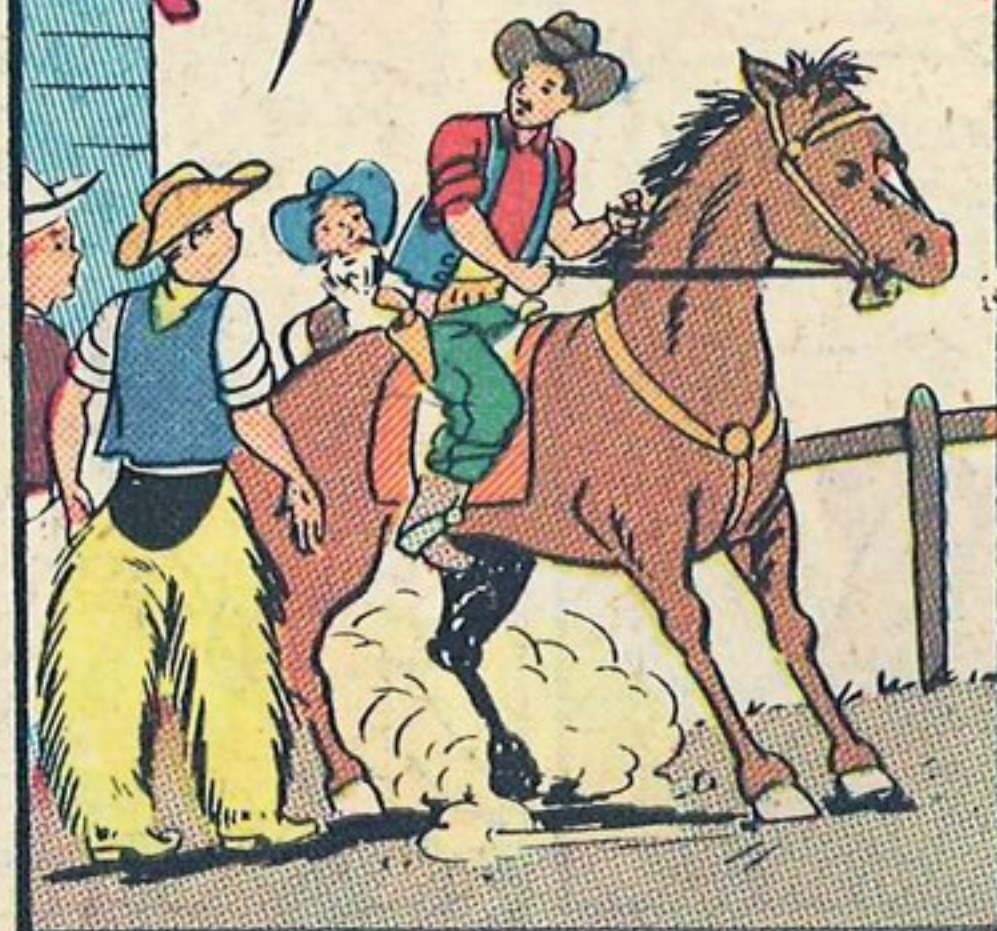
ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE RANCH...

I SURE HOPE MISS BENNETT DIDN'T TAKE THOSE BUTTONS OUT ON THAT HIKE! OLD GRUMPY, THE GRIZZLY BEAR, IS UP IN THE HILLS!



THEY'VE ALREADY LEFT!

WE'LL JUST HAVE TO GO FIND THEM! COME ON...!

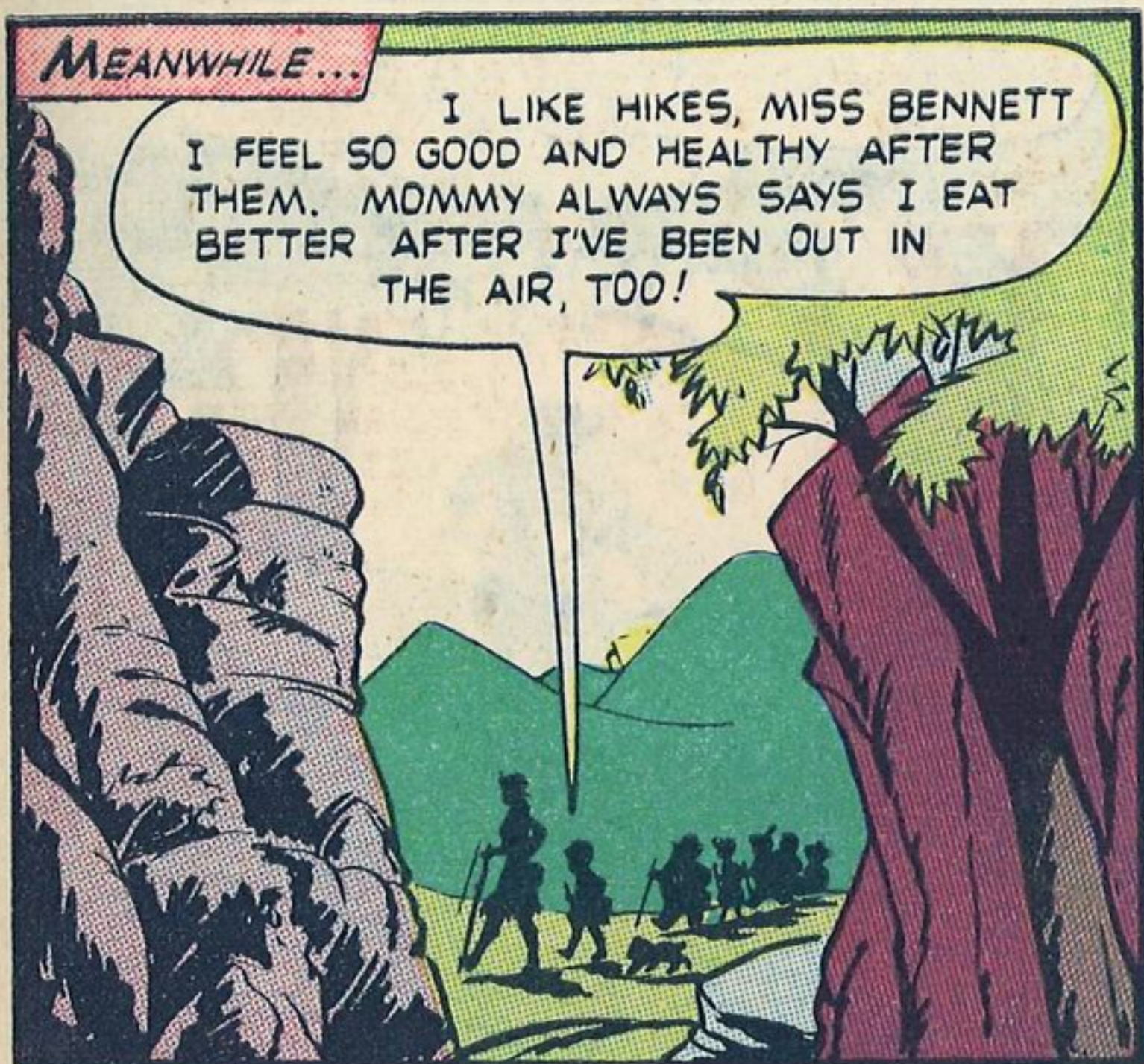


COME WHERE? THEY COULD BE ANYWHERE IN A HUNDRED SQUARE MILES! PRETTY TOUGH JOB TO FIND THEM —WE DON'T KNOW WHERE TO BEGIN TO LOOK...!



MEANWHILE...

I LIKE HIKE, MISS BENNETT I FEEL SO GOOD AND HEALTHY AFTER THEM. MOMMY ALWAYS SAYS I EAT BETTER AFTER I'VE BEEN OUT IN THE AIR, TOO!



I THINK THAT'S A HINT, SUNNY! WE'LL SPREAD OUT OUR LUNCHES!

I'LL HELP YOU, MISS BENNETT!



LET'S PLAY SOME GAMES, FIRST! I'M NOT HUNGRY YET!

HOW ABOUT A GAME OF TAG?

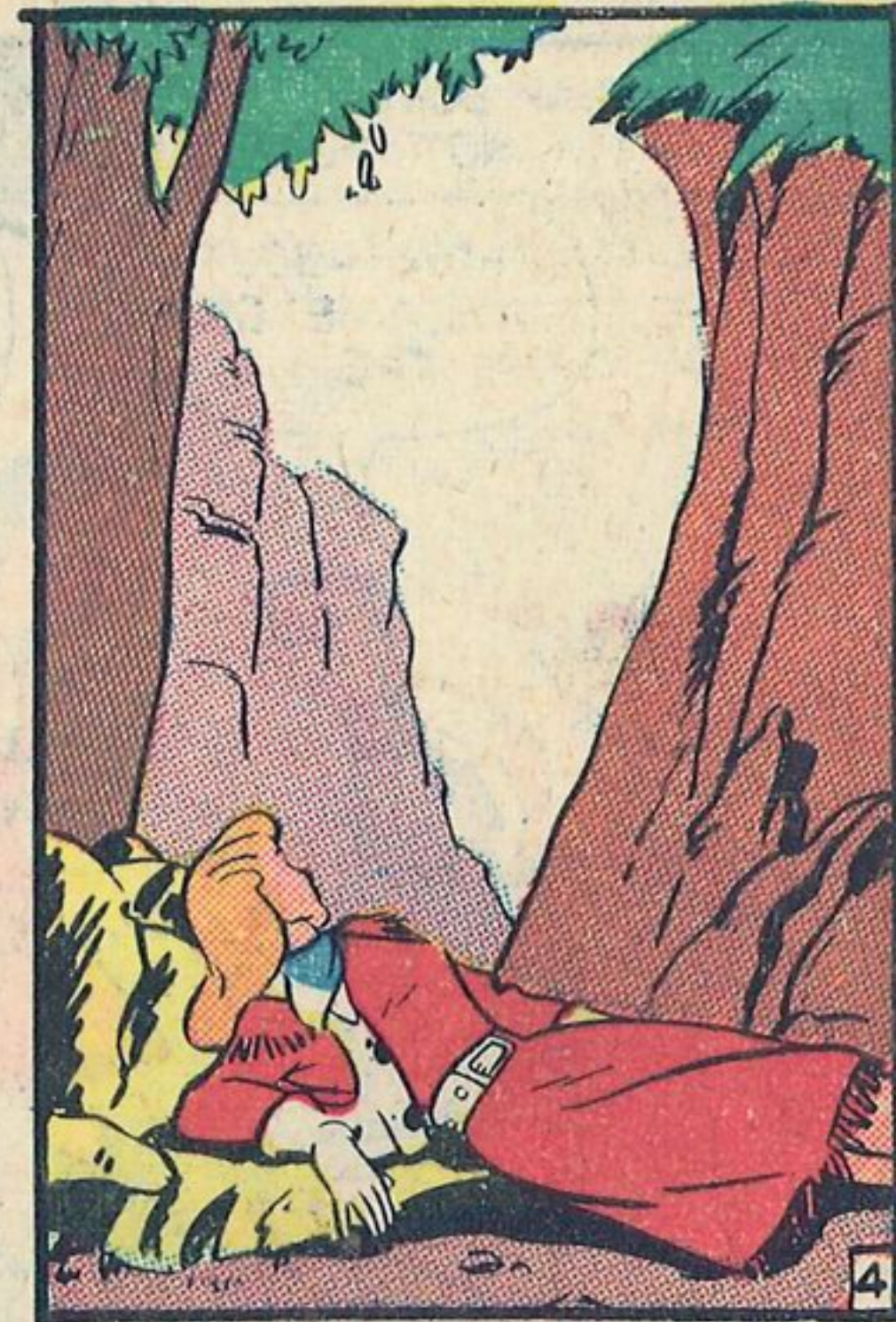
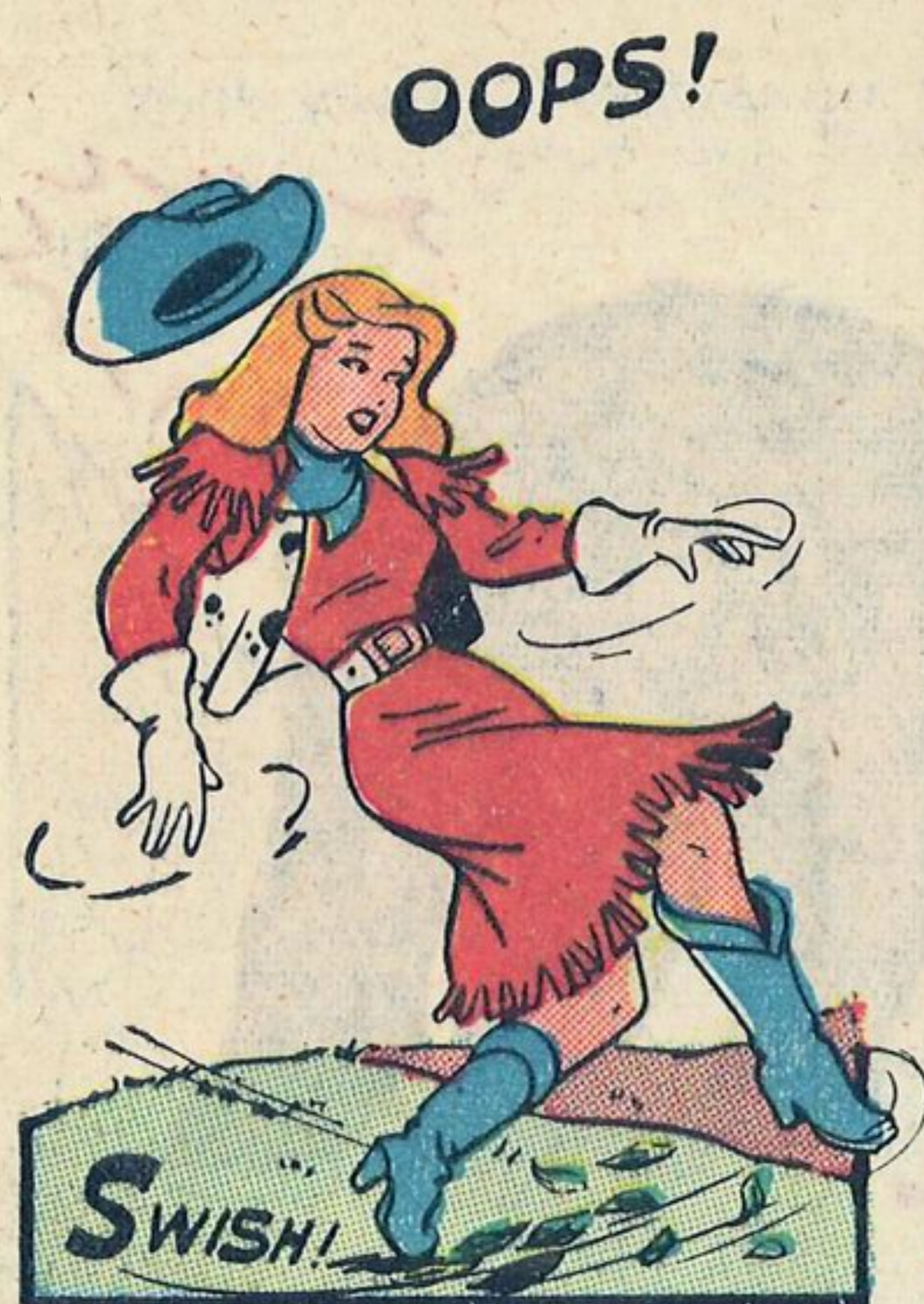
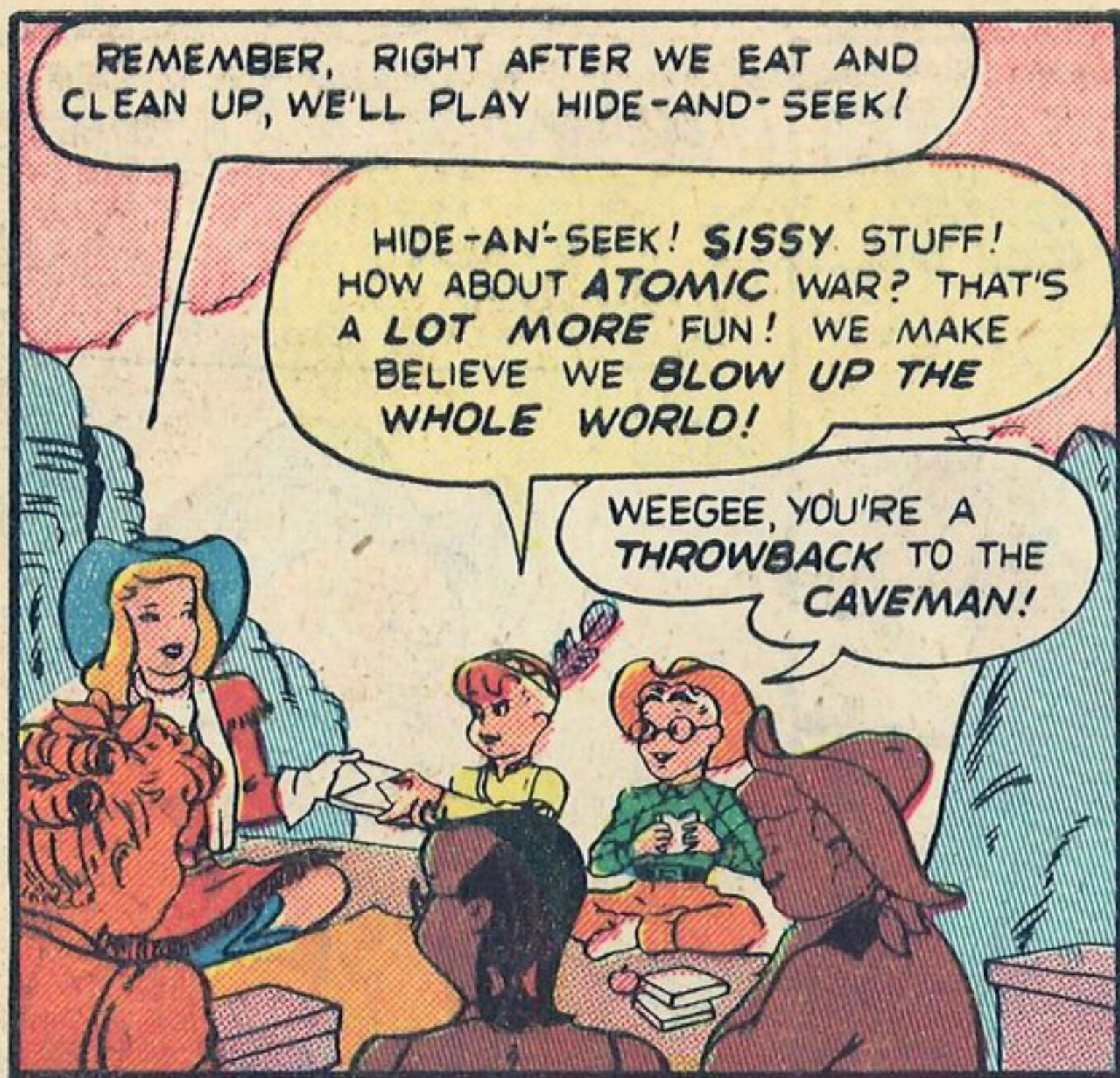
NO, NO. WE MUST EAT FIRST, THEN WE CAN PLAY! IT'S RATHER LATE, YOU KNOW.



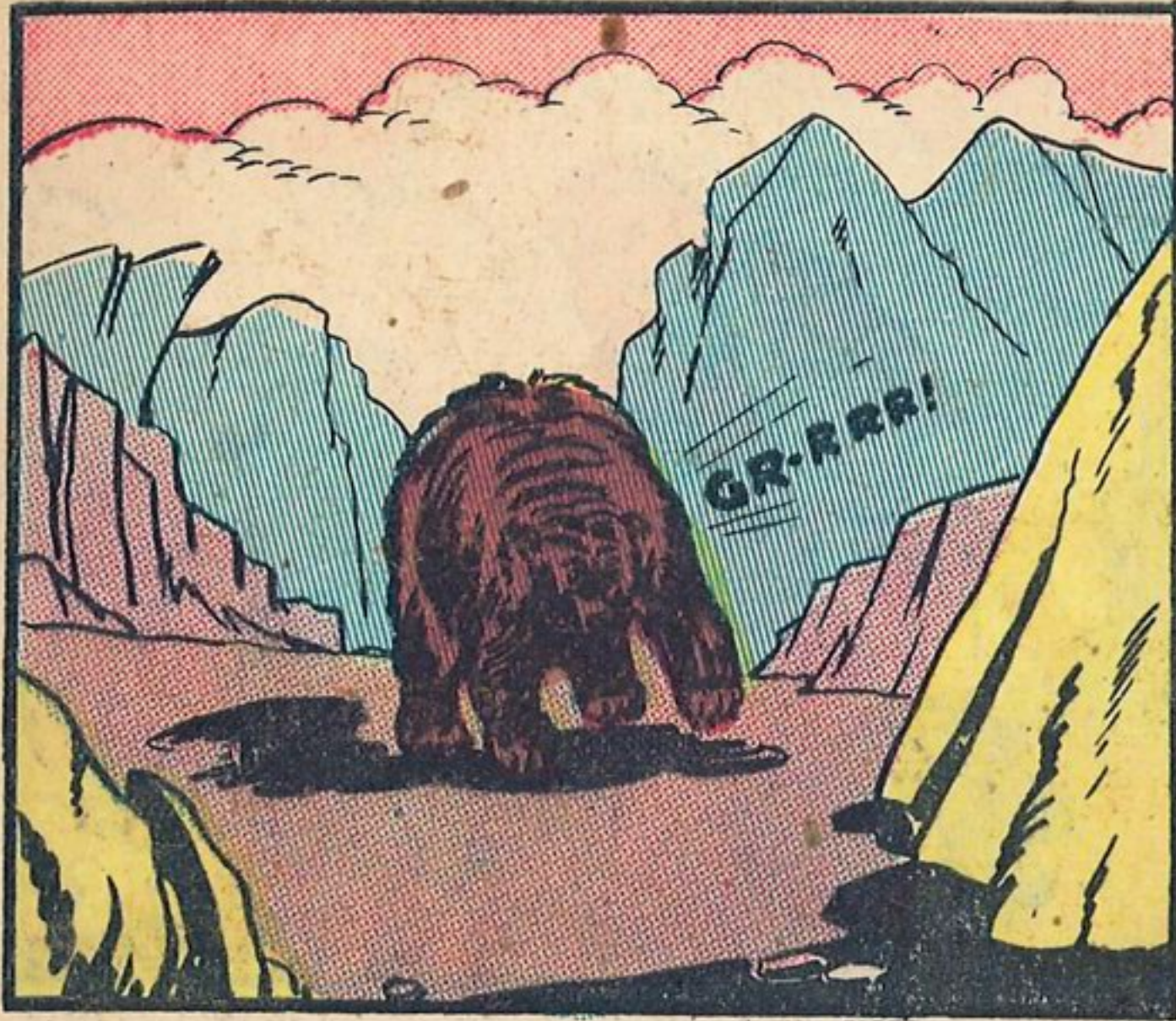
AT THAT MOMENT, SOME MILES AWAY, SURLY AND HUNGRY...

GRRRRR!



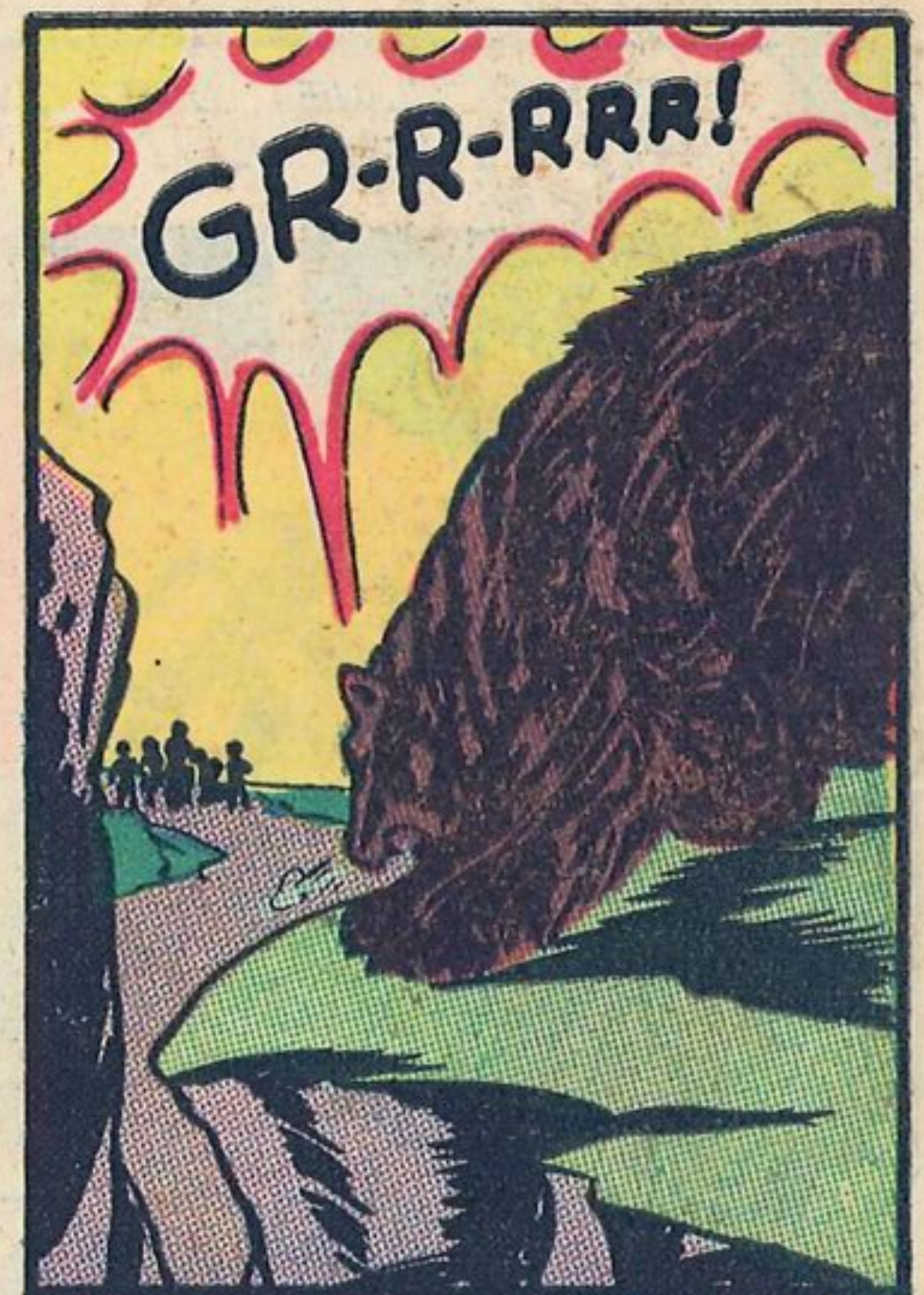
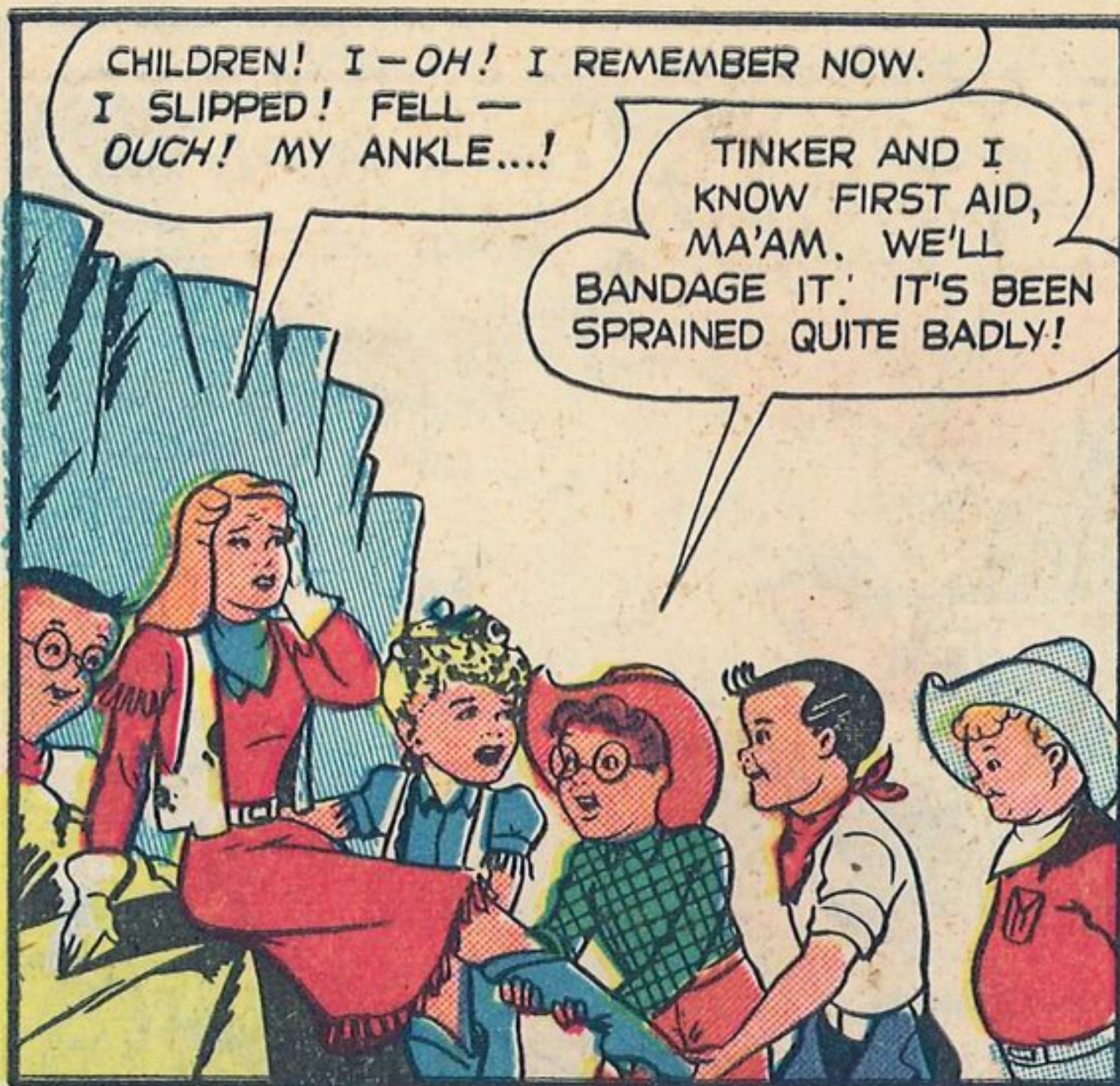


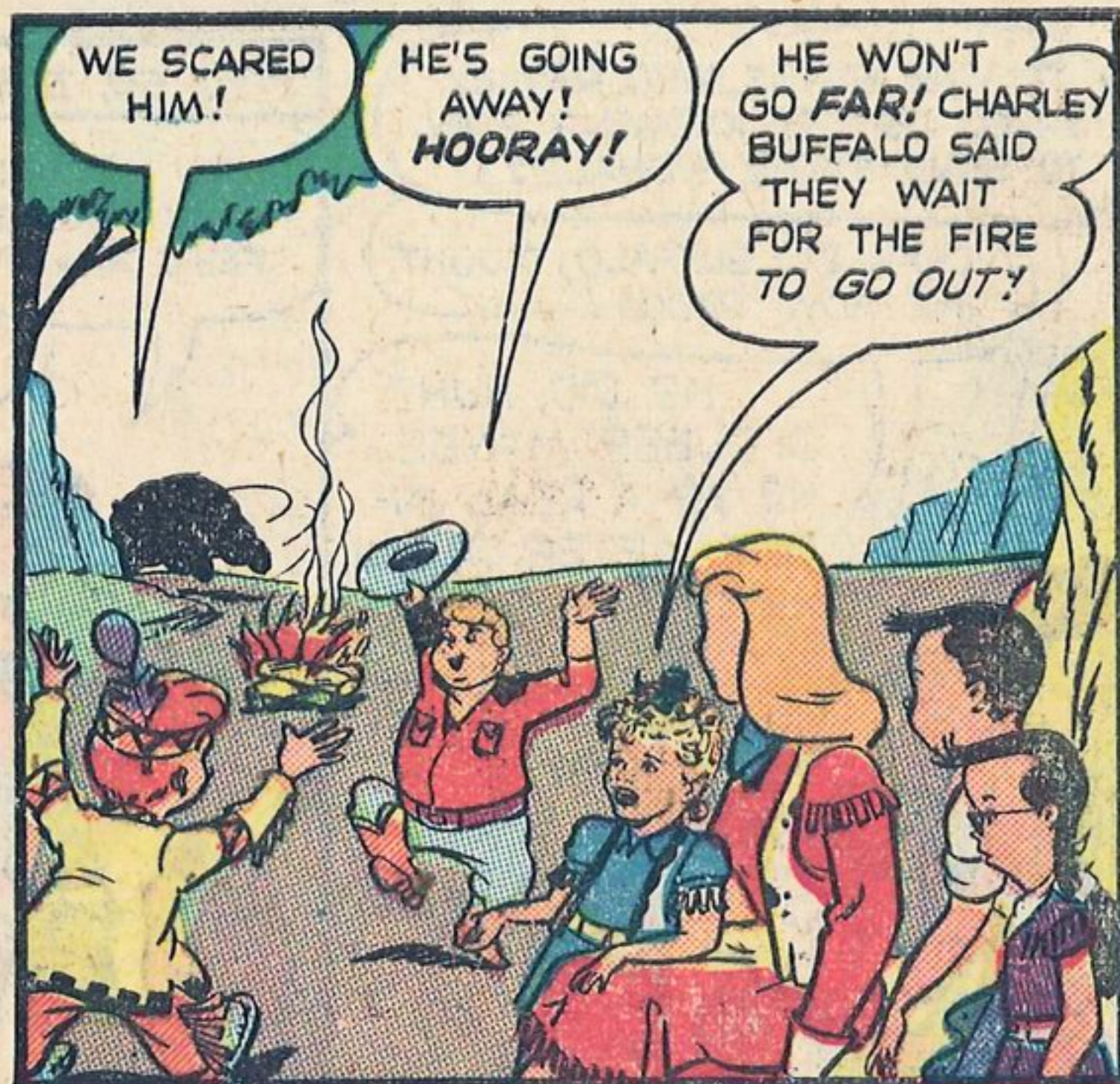
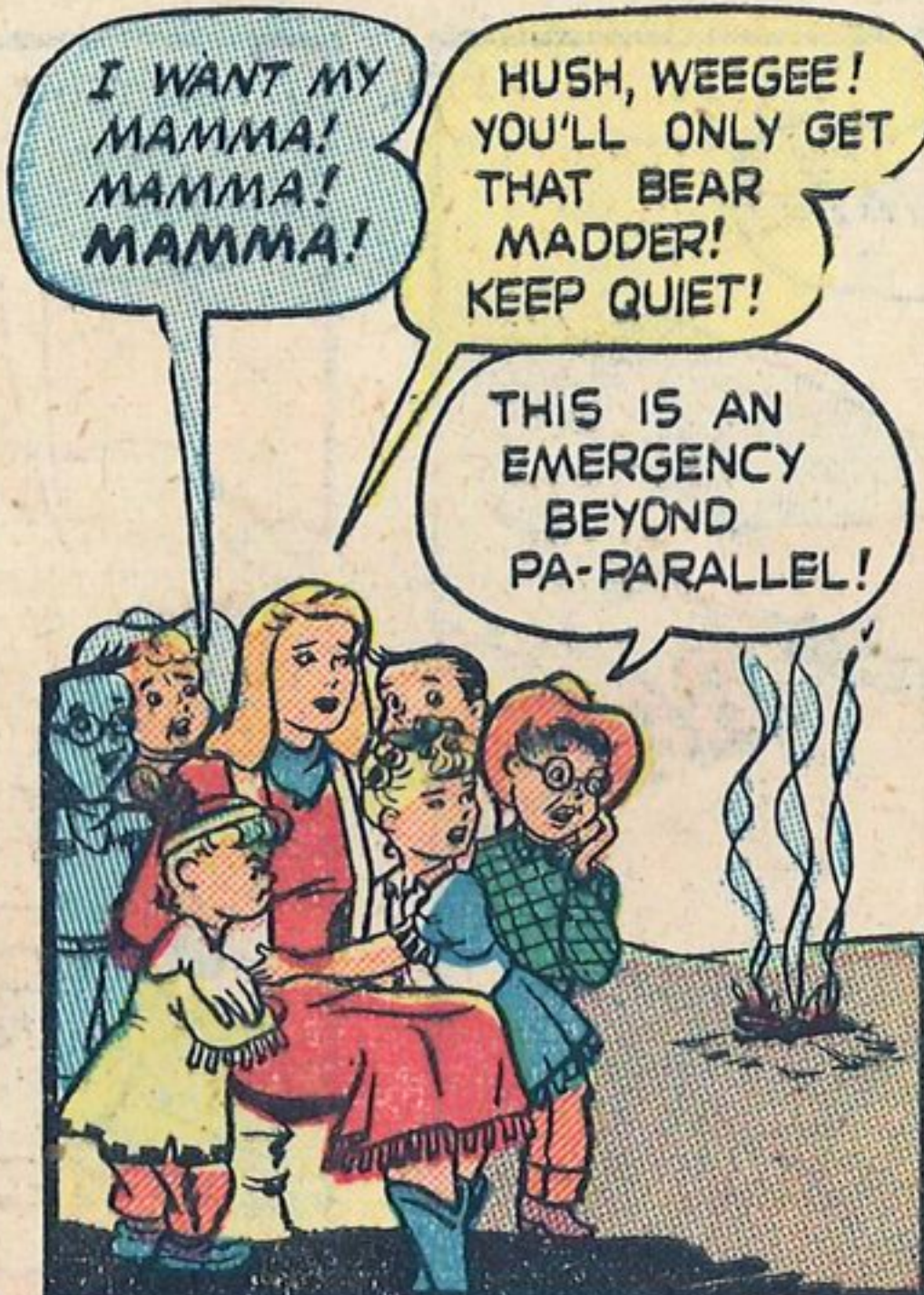
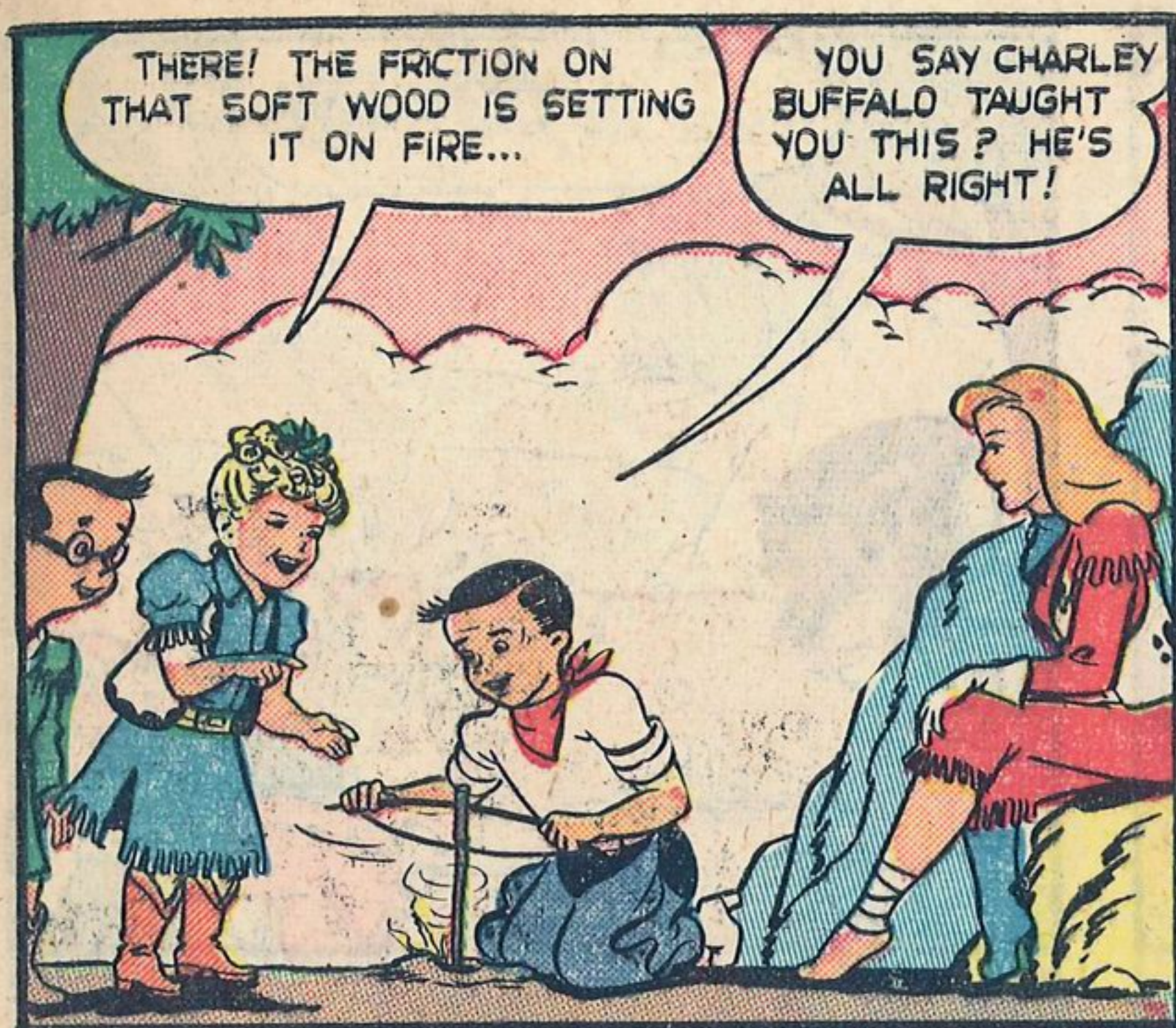
SWINGING ALONG THE MOUNTAIN TRAIL COMES OLD GRUMPY. HIS EARS PERK UP. FAINTLY, HE HAS HEARD STRANGE SOUNDS...

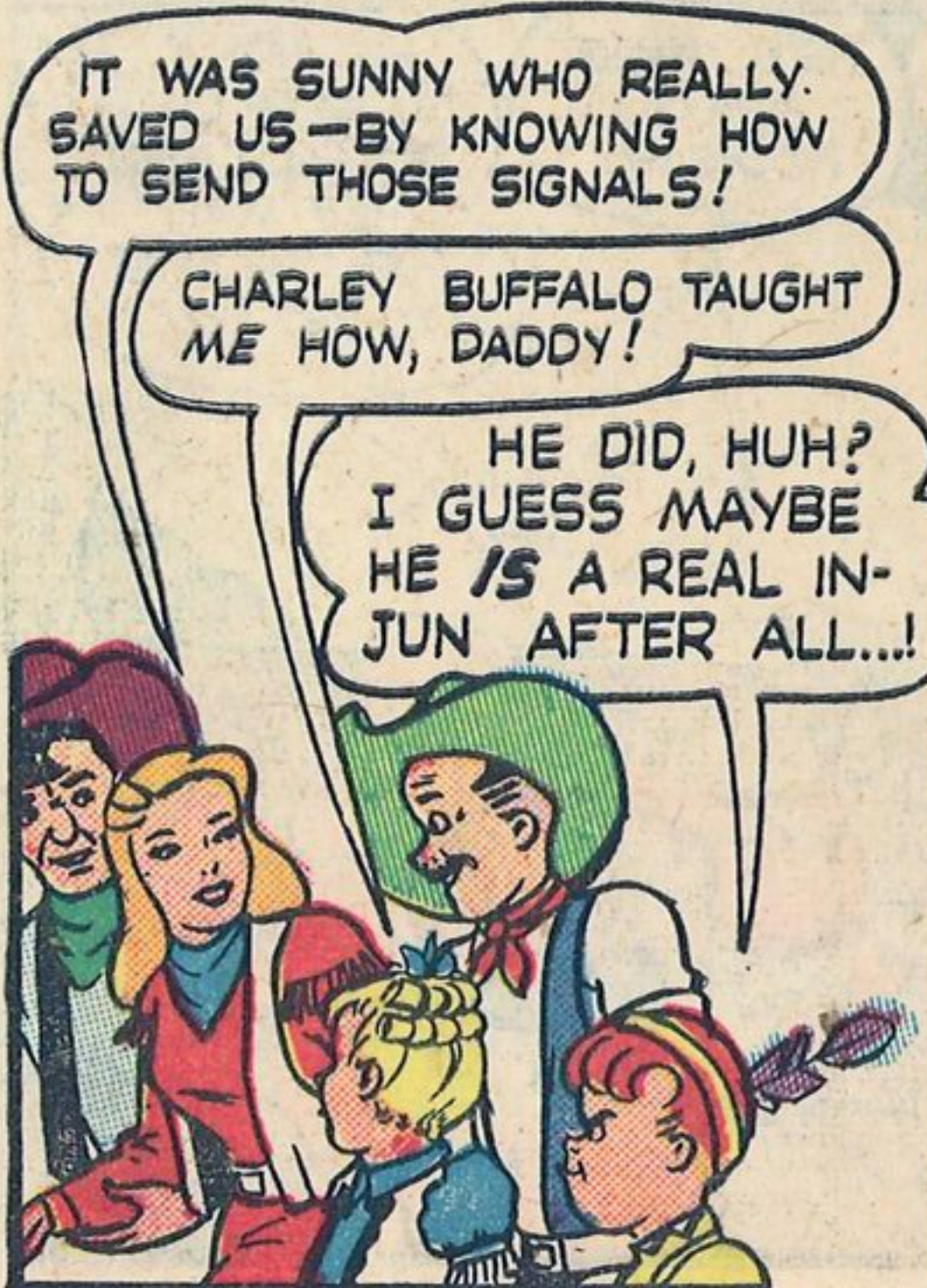
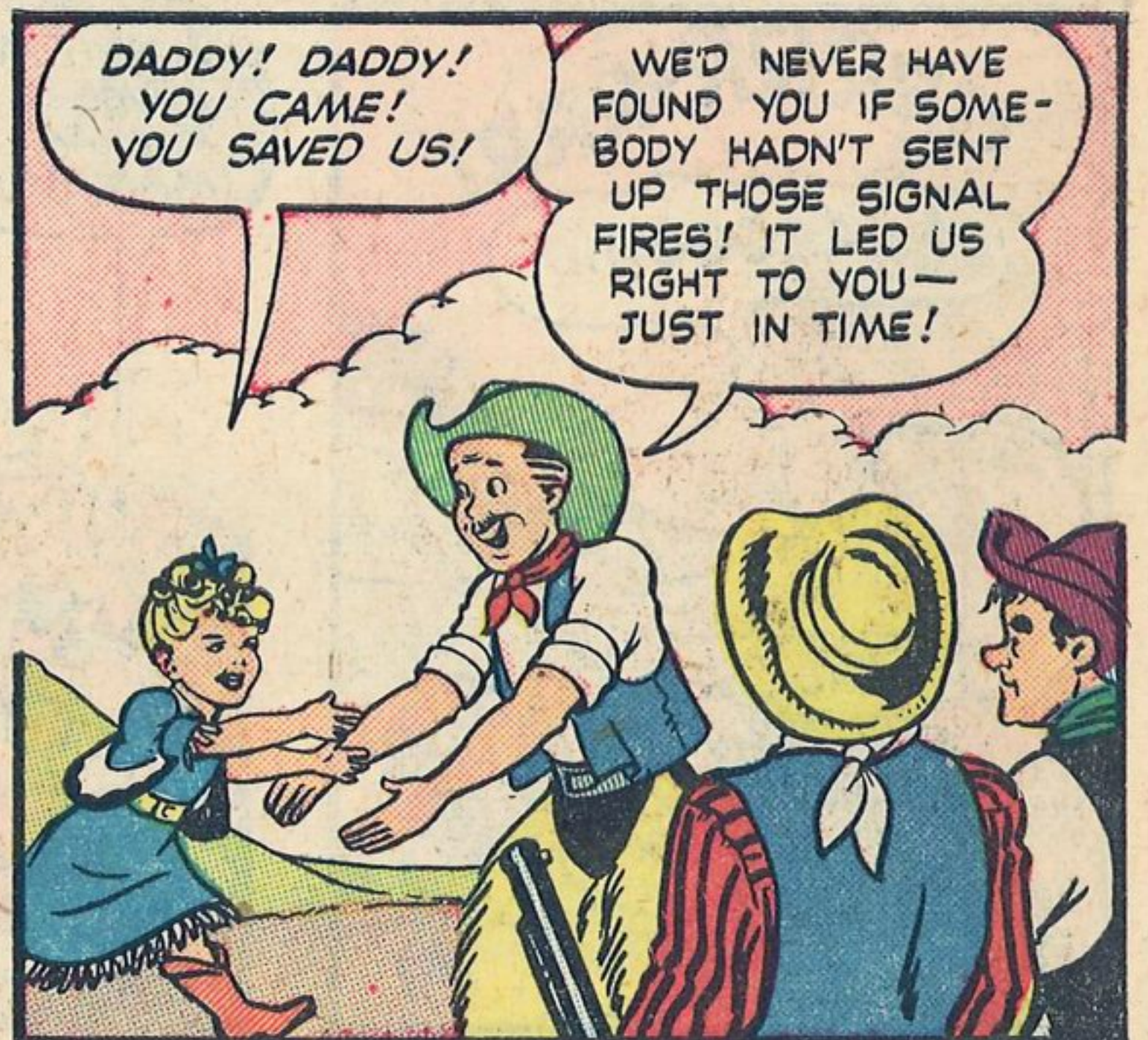
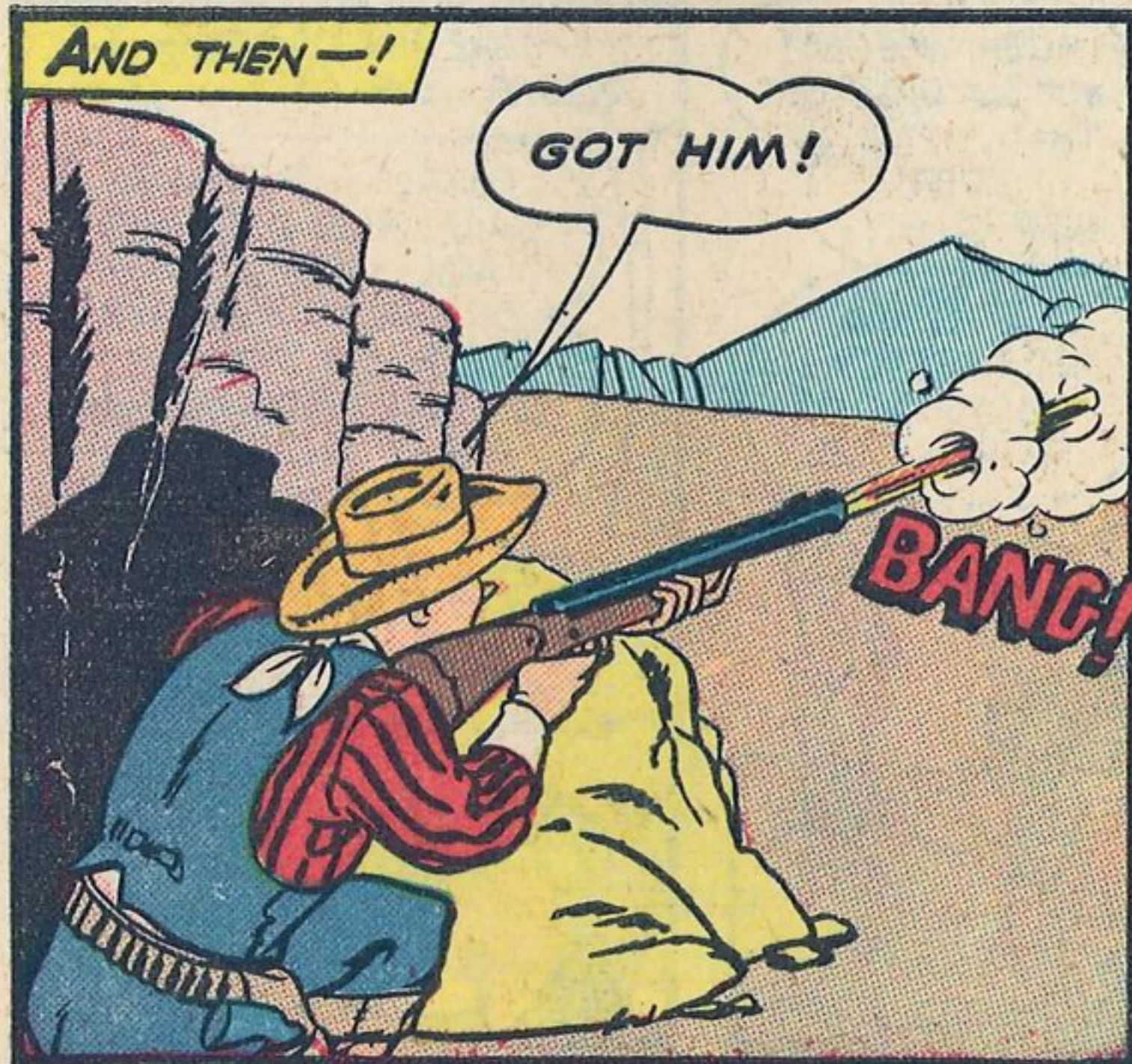


THOSE "STRANGE SOUNDS" ARE CHILDREN'S VOICES...

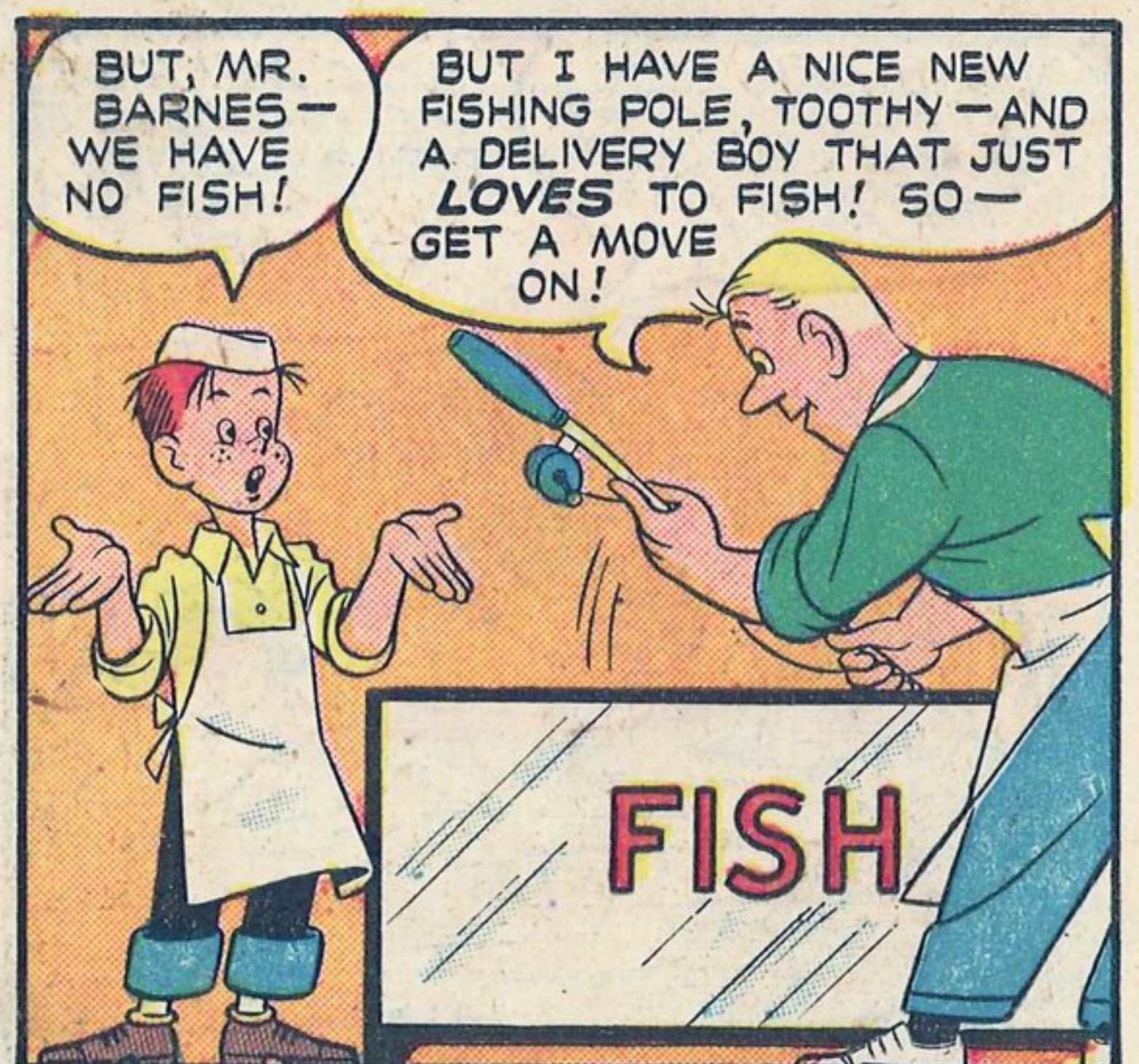
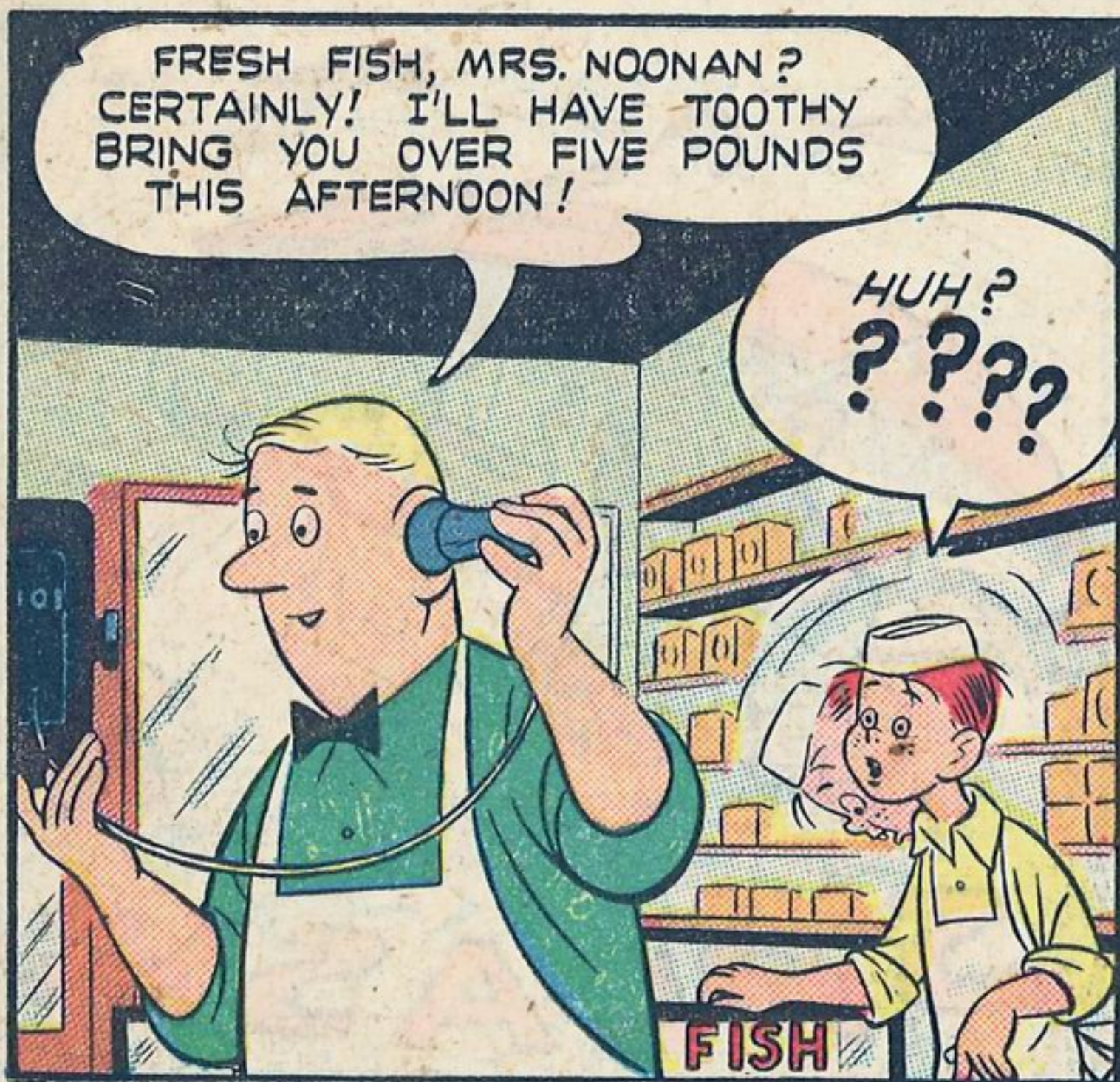
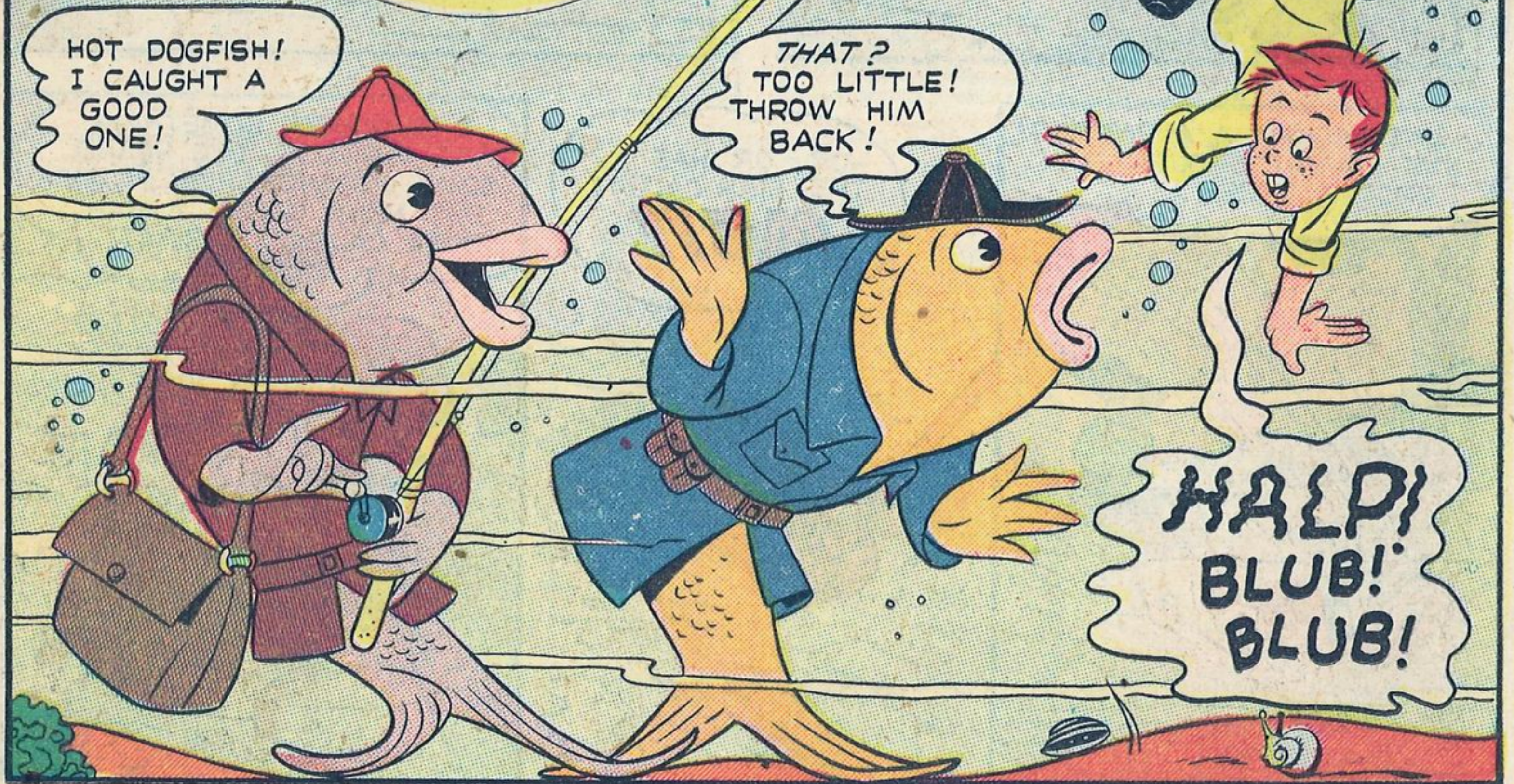


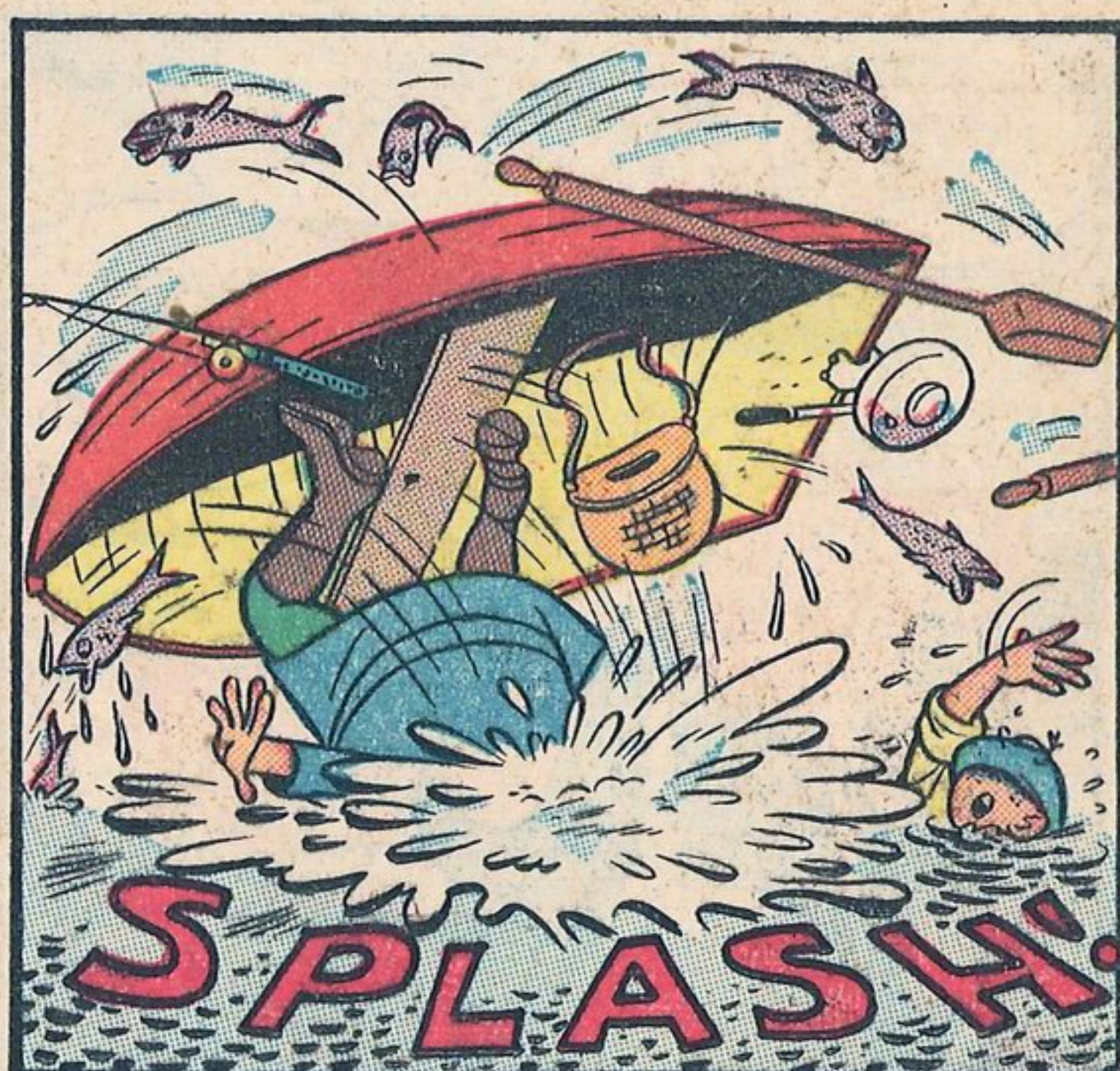
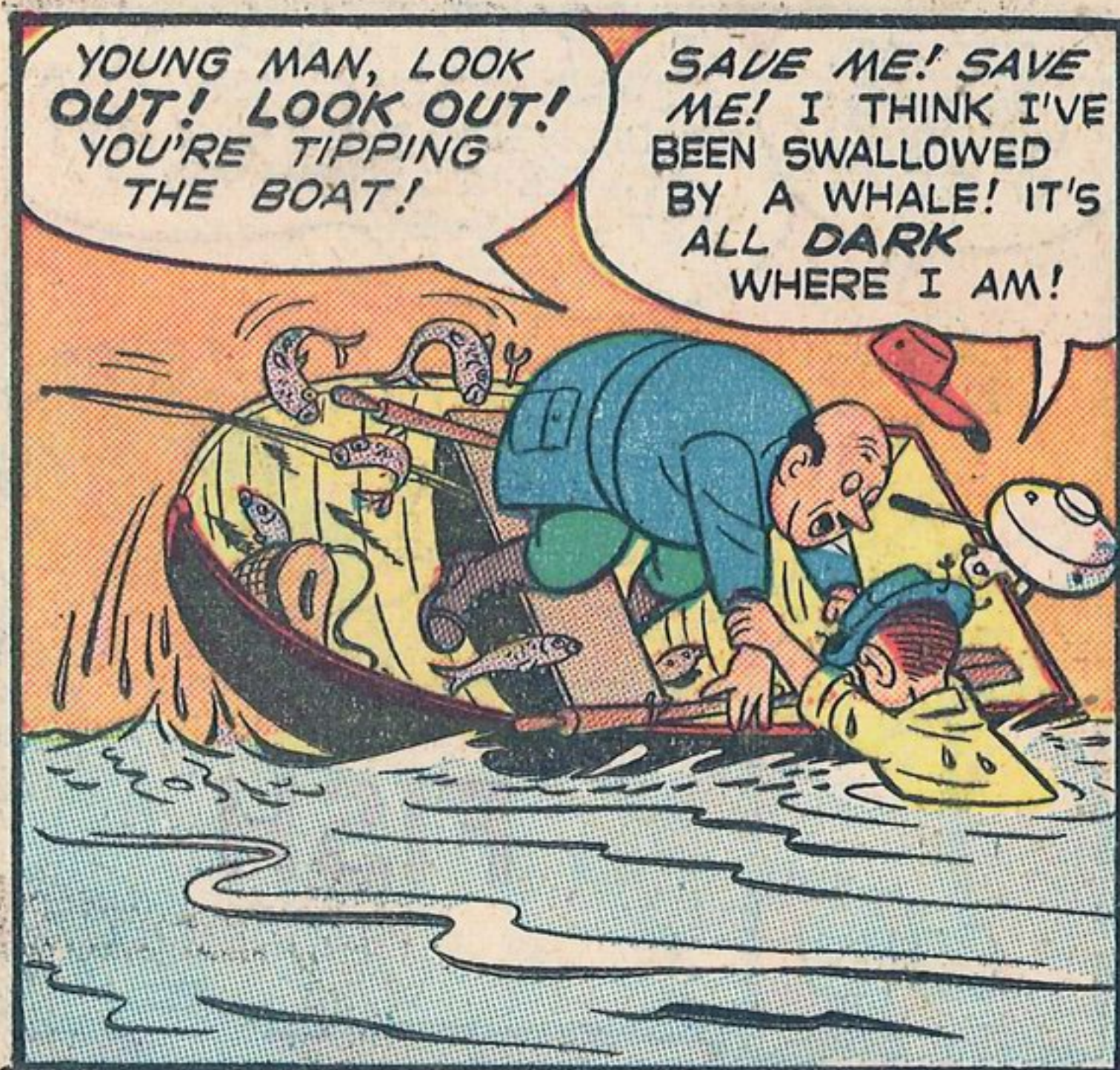
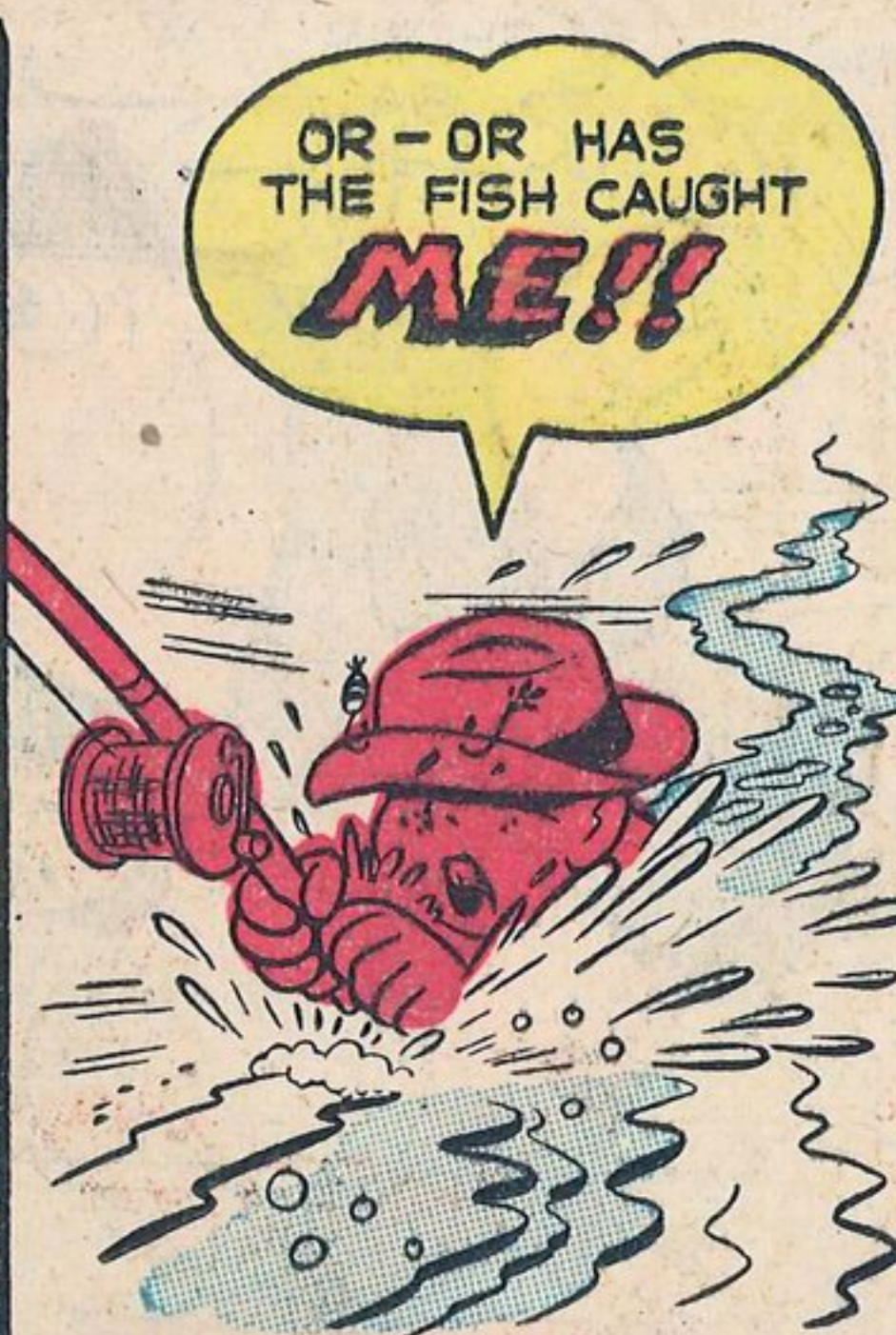
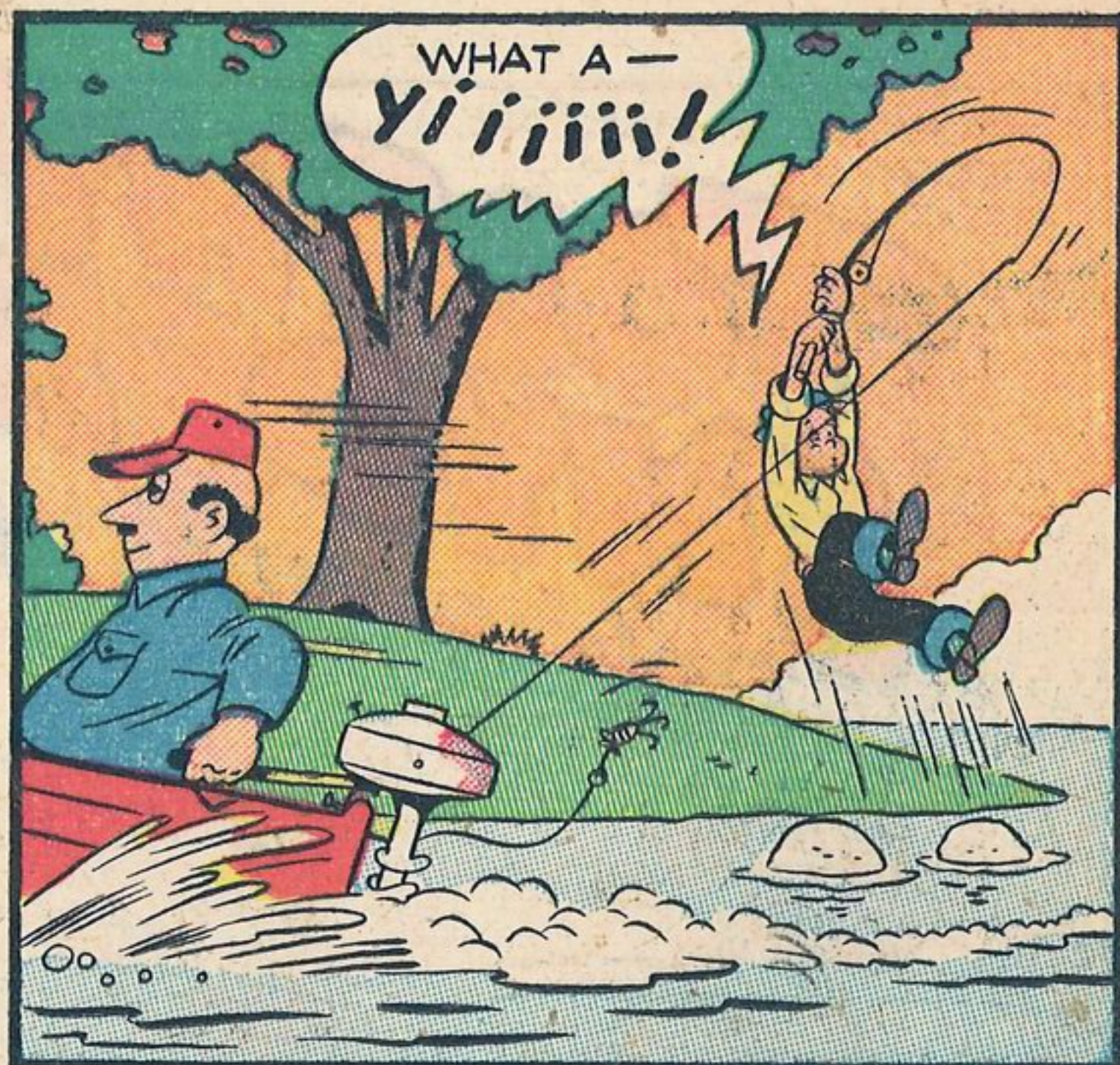
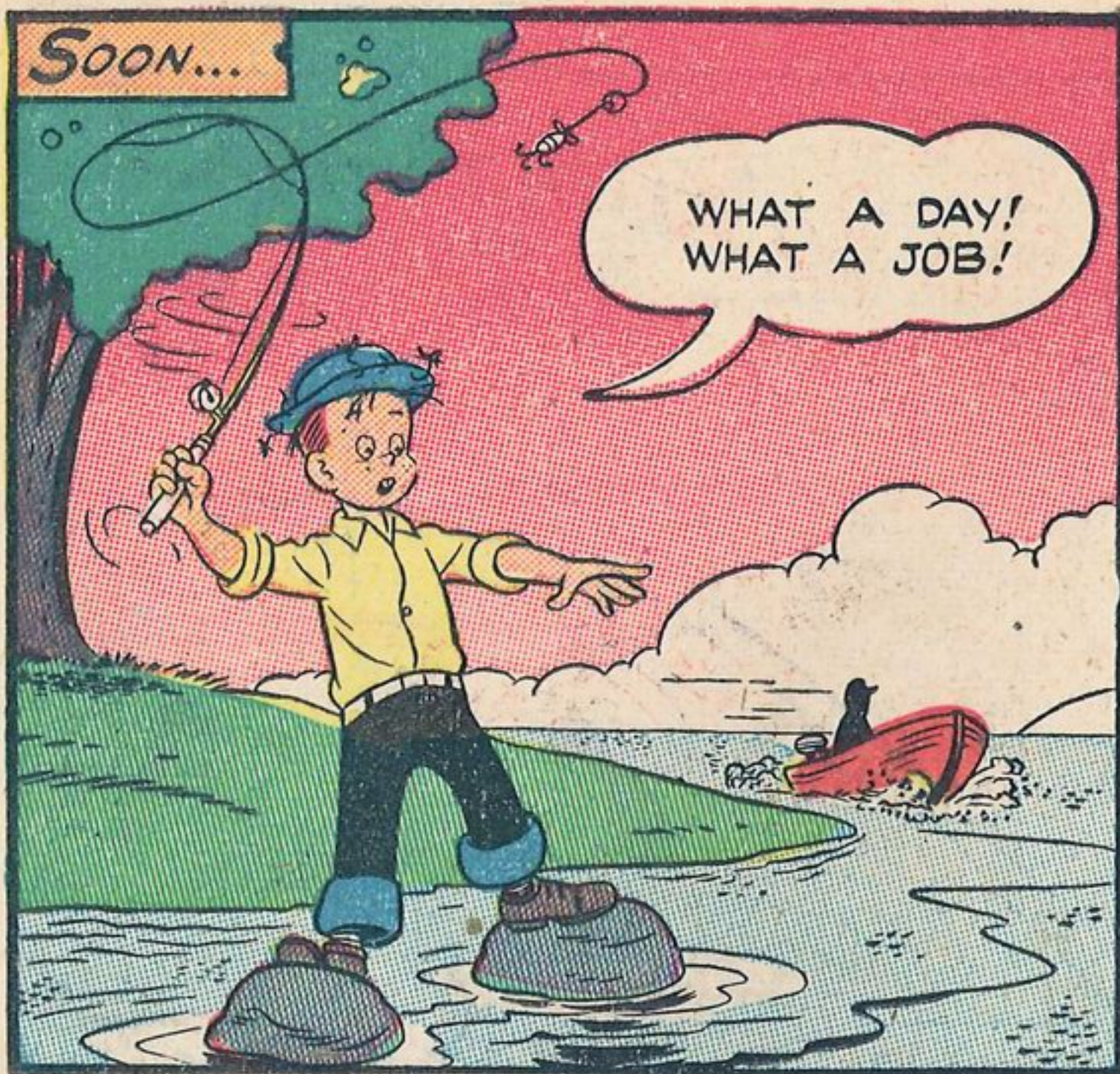


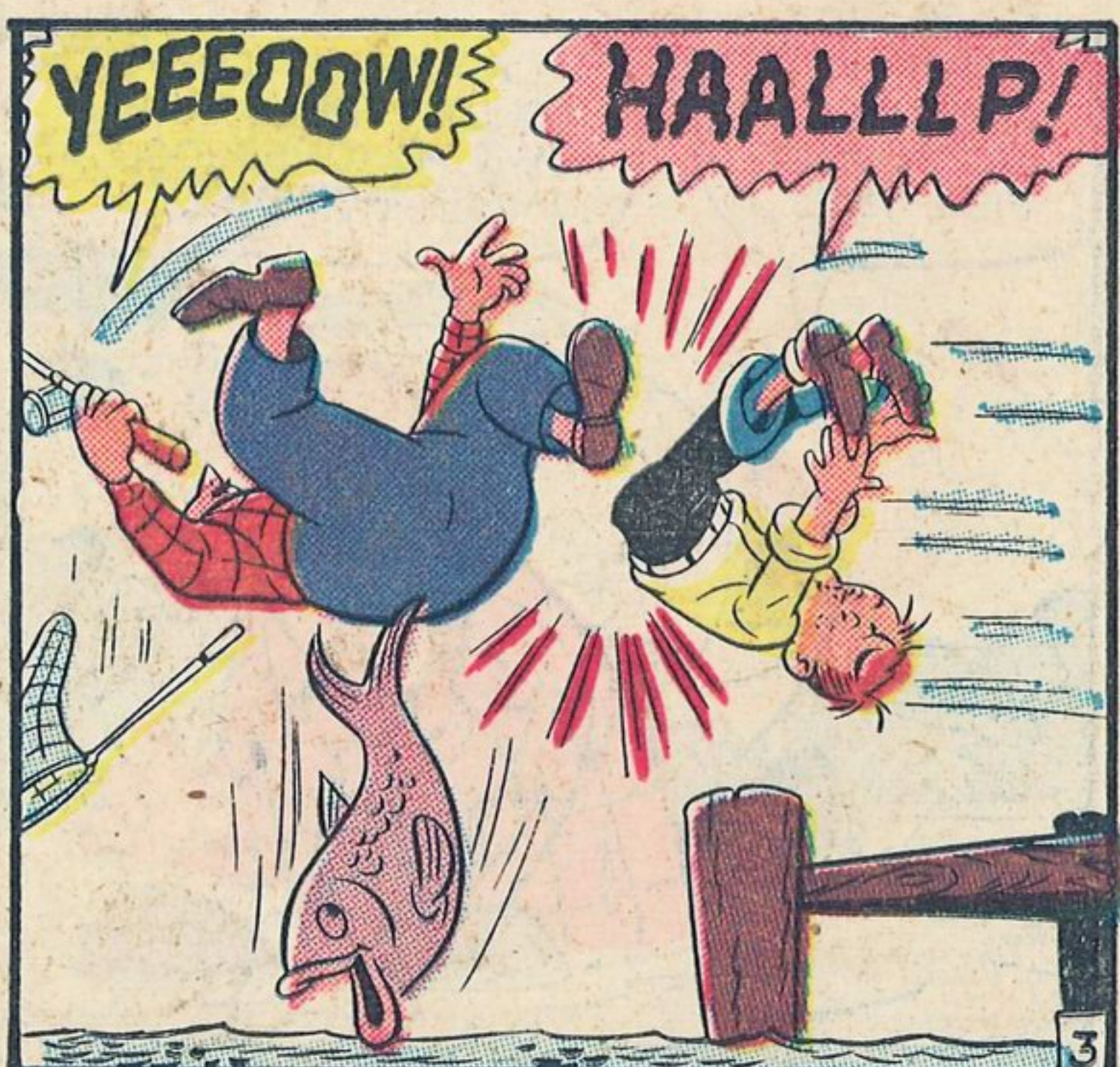
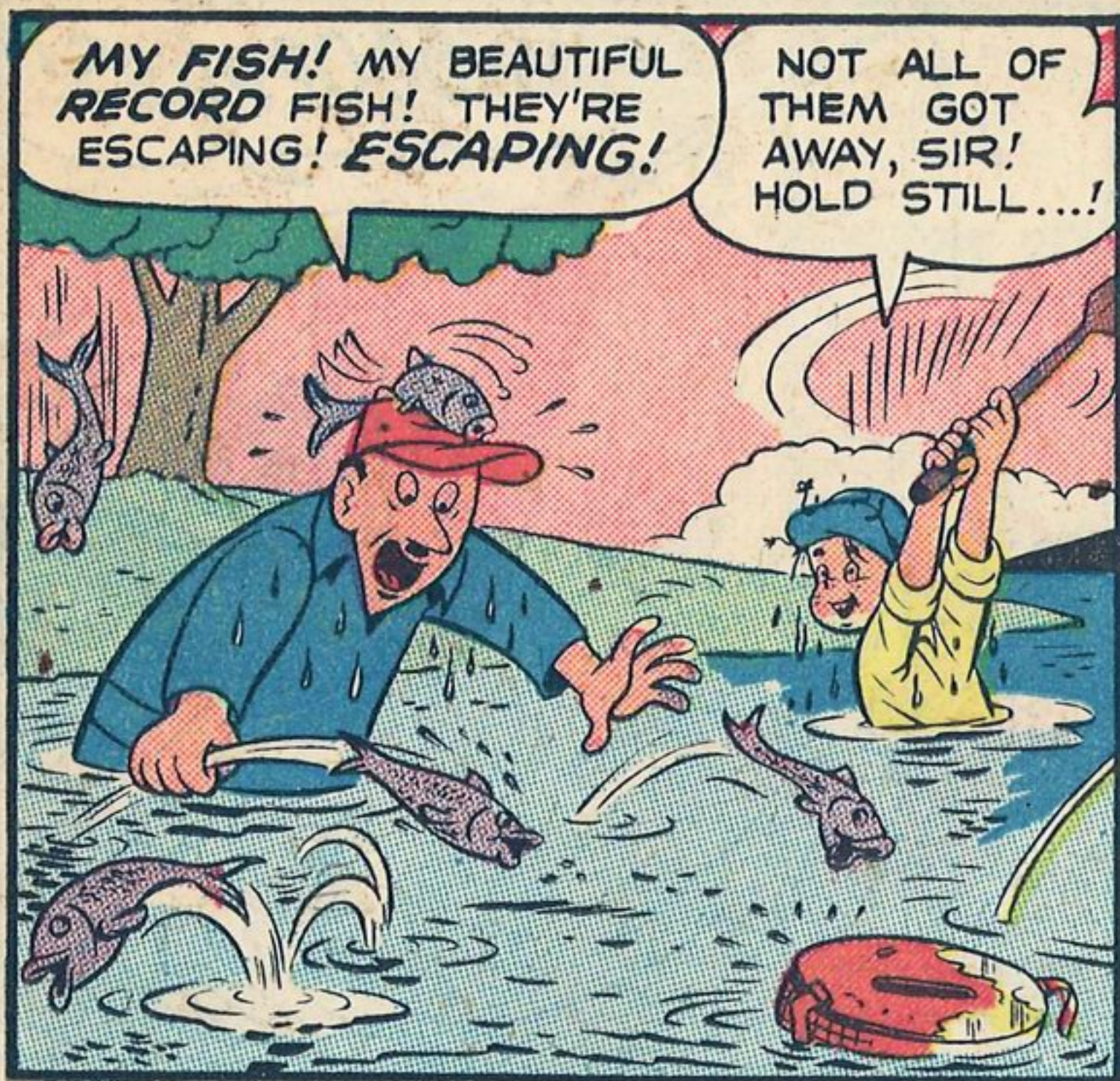


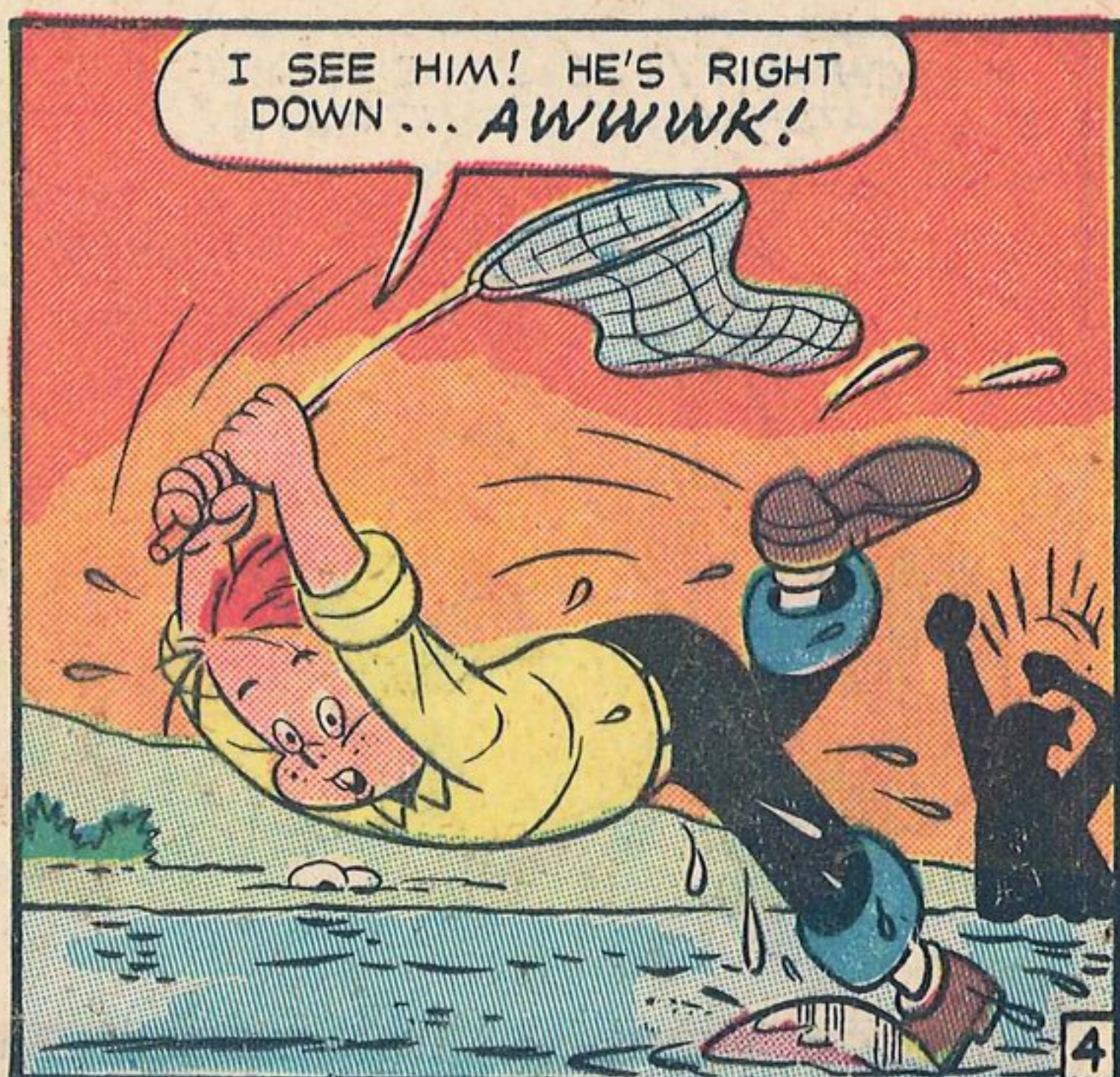
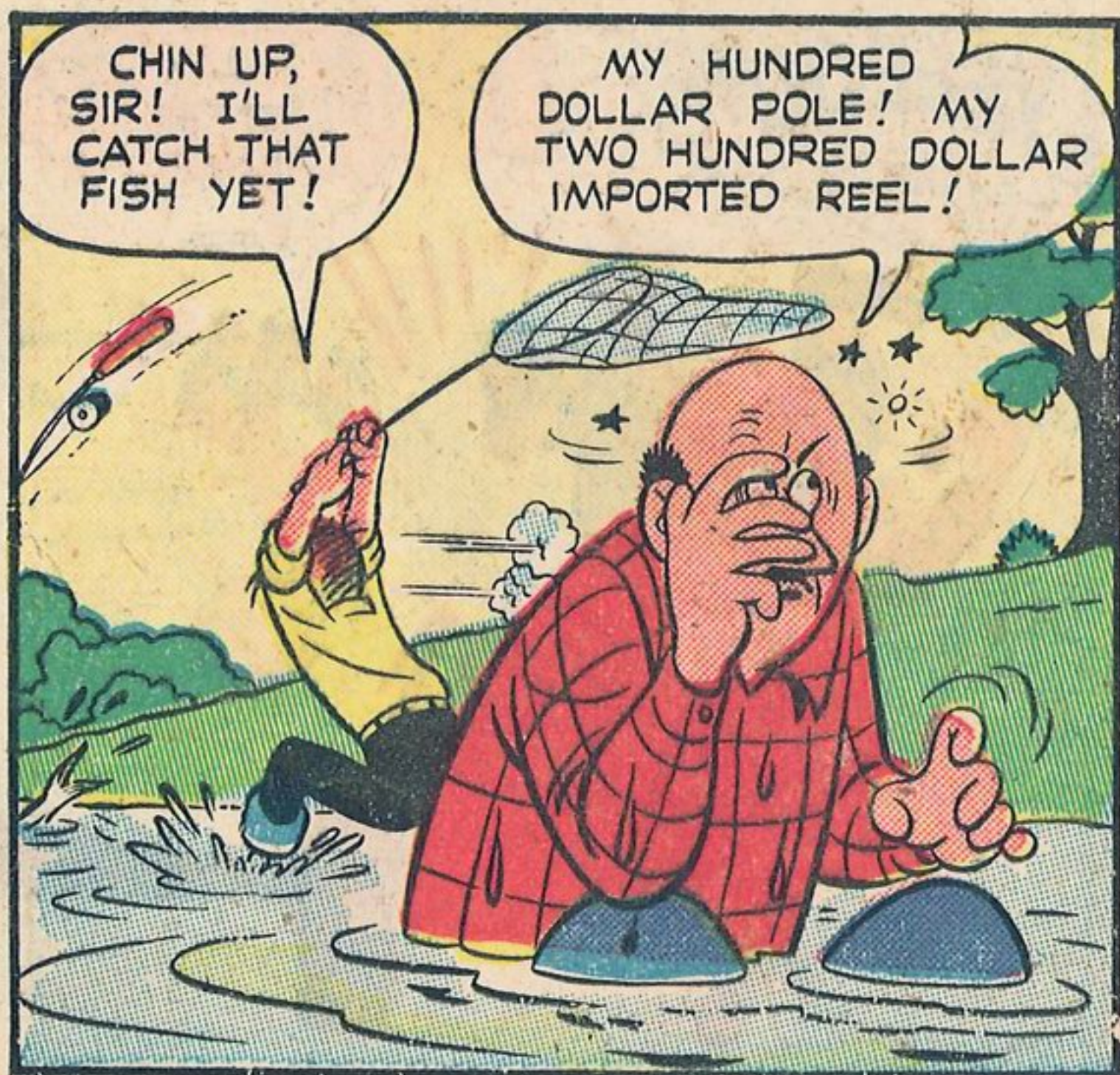
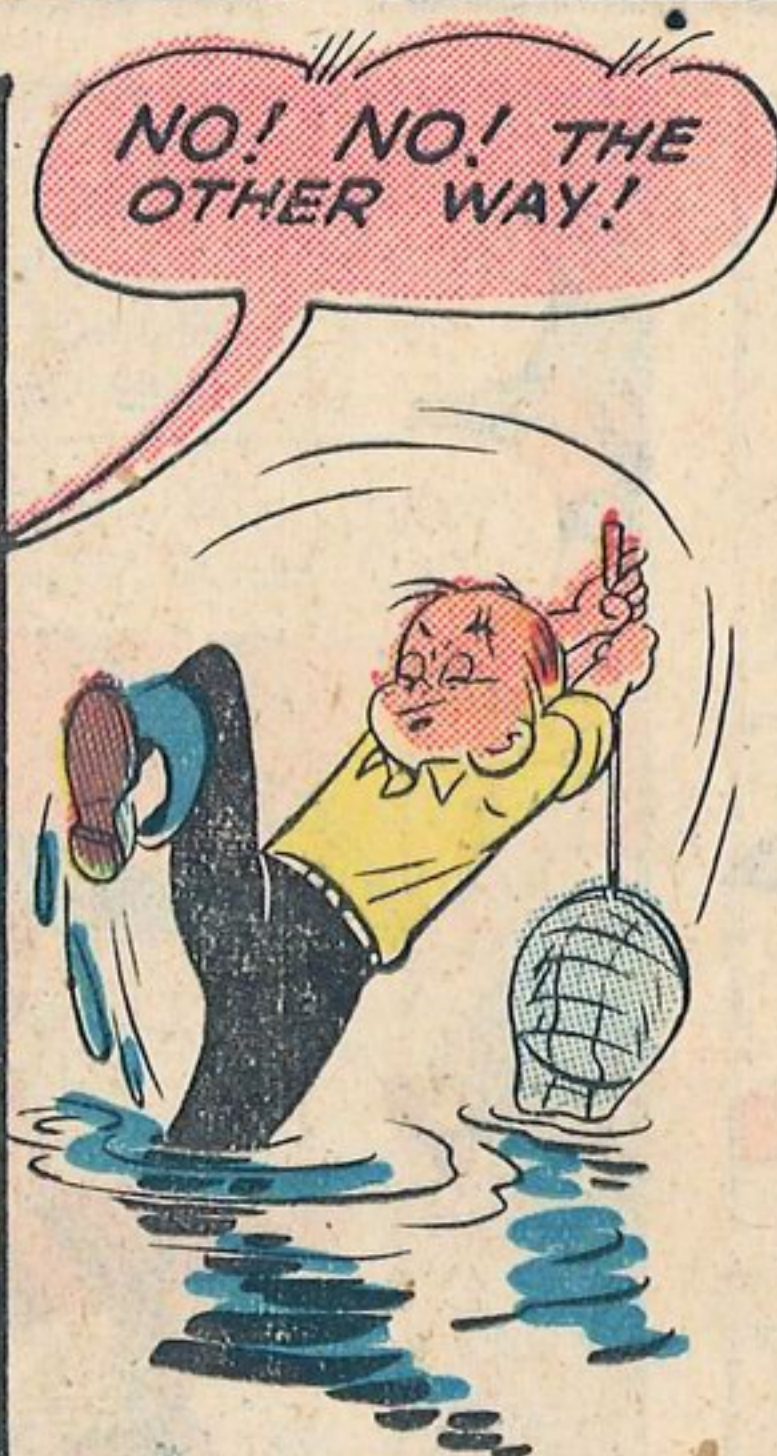
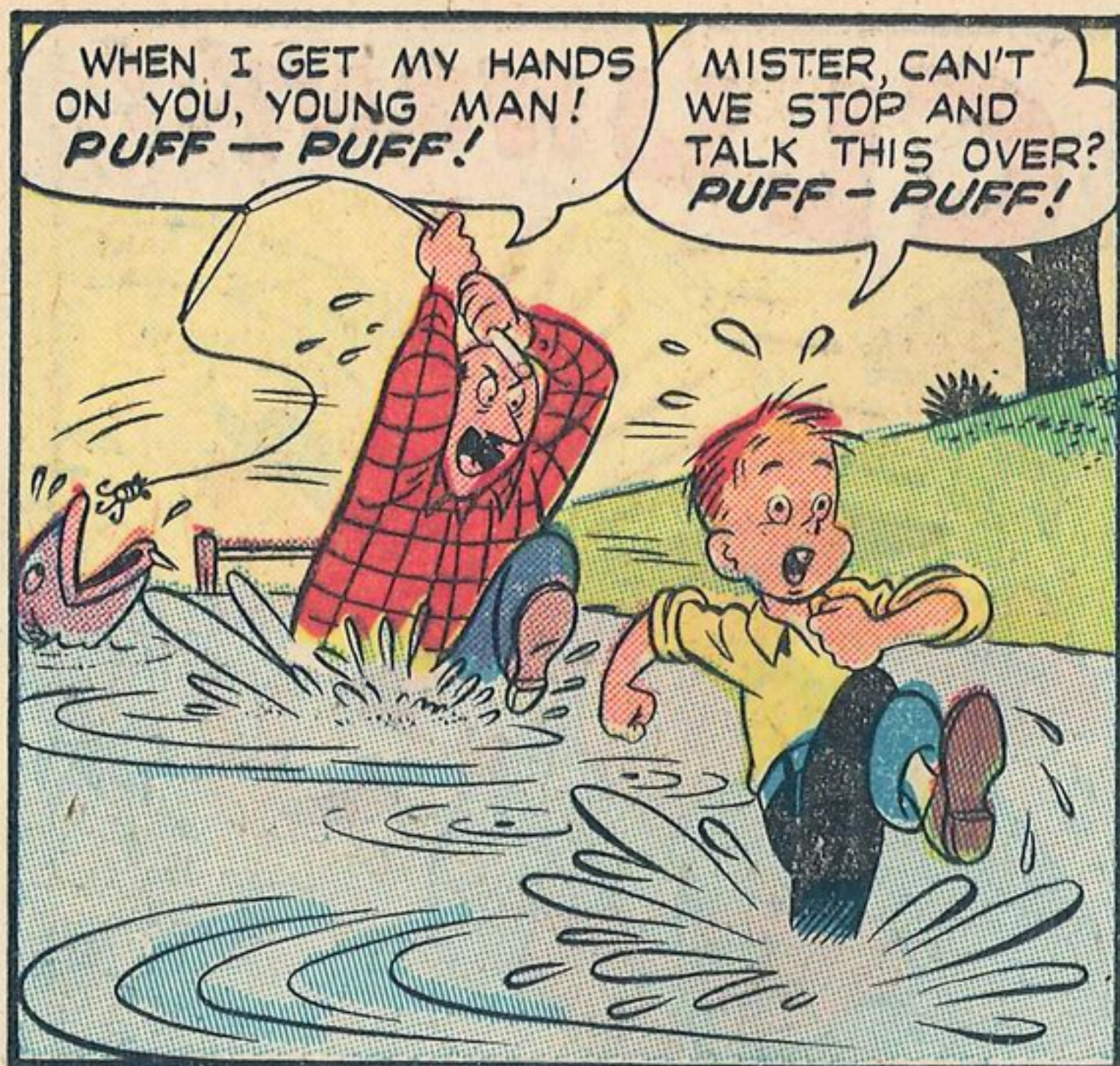


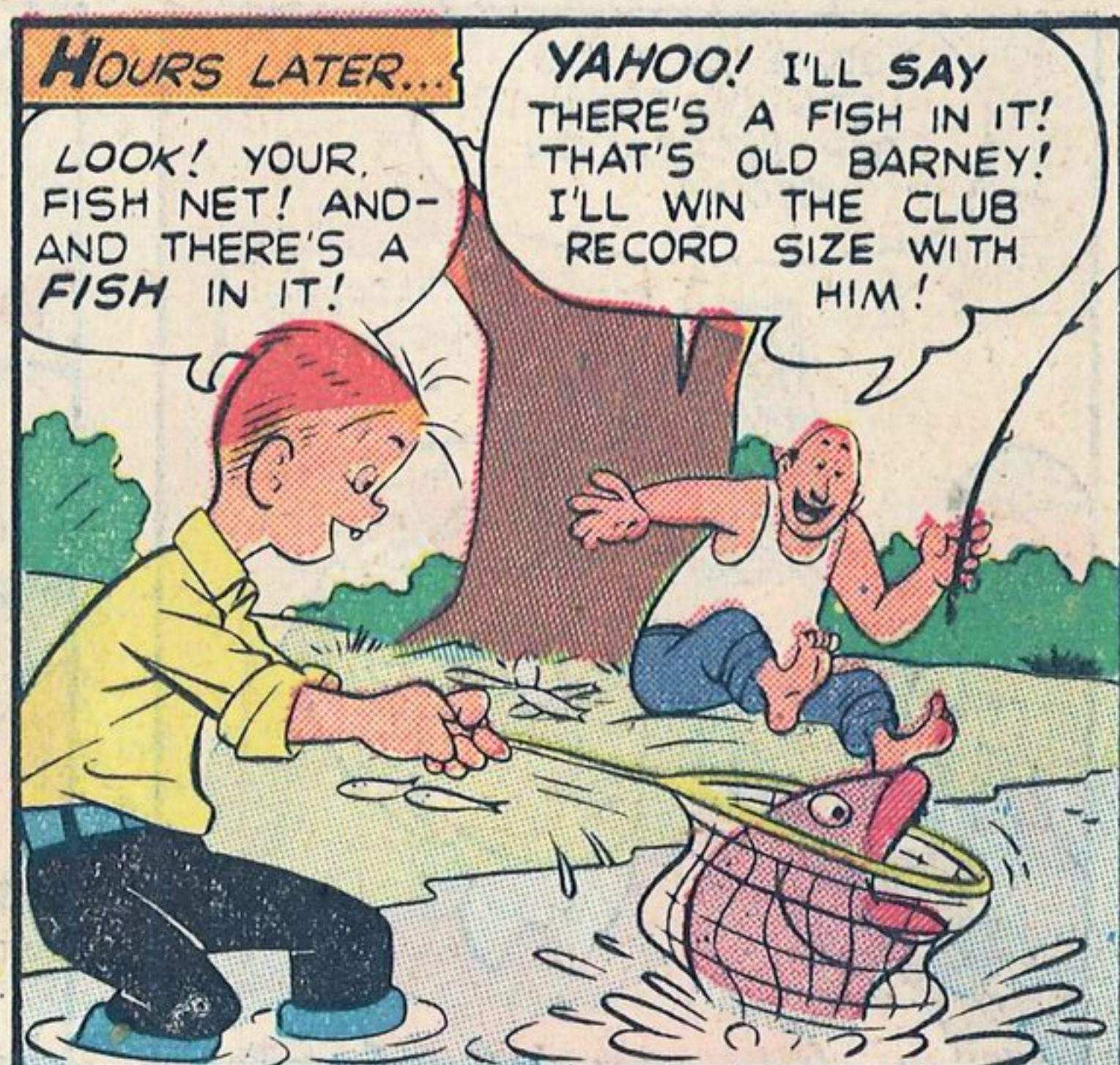
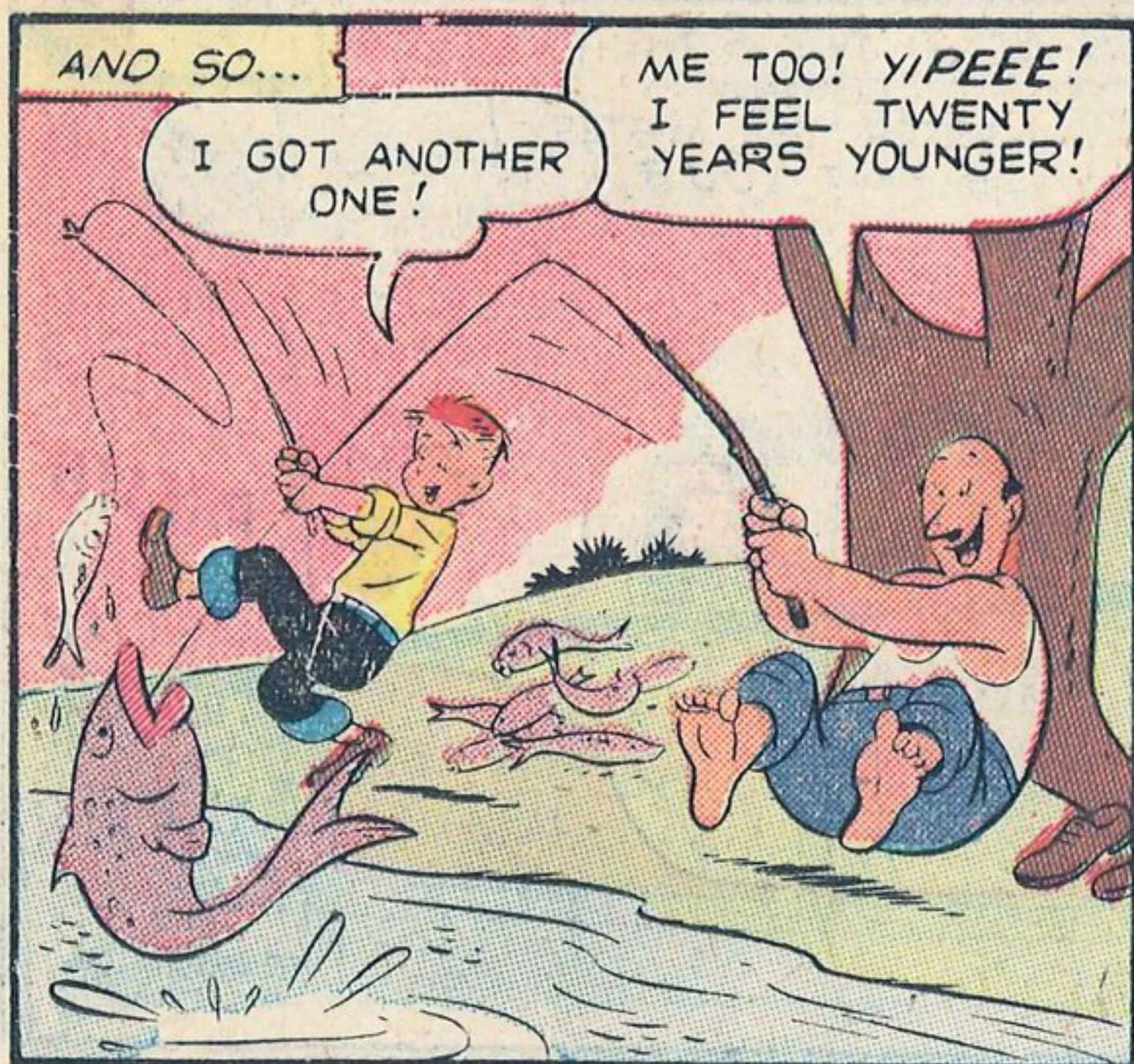
TOOTHY SNYDER, Delivery Boy

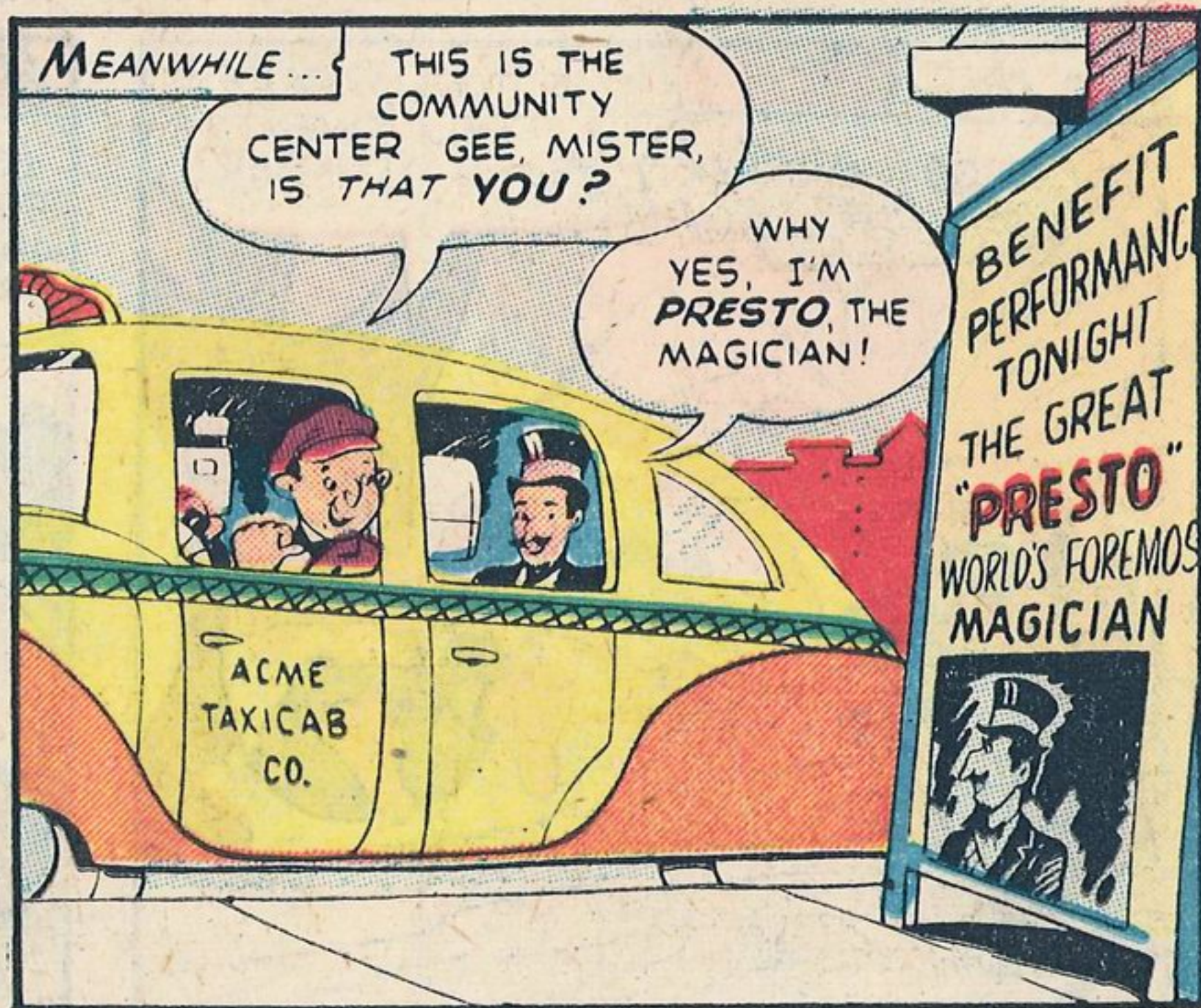


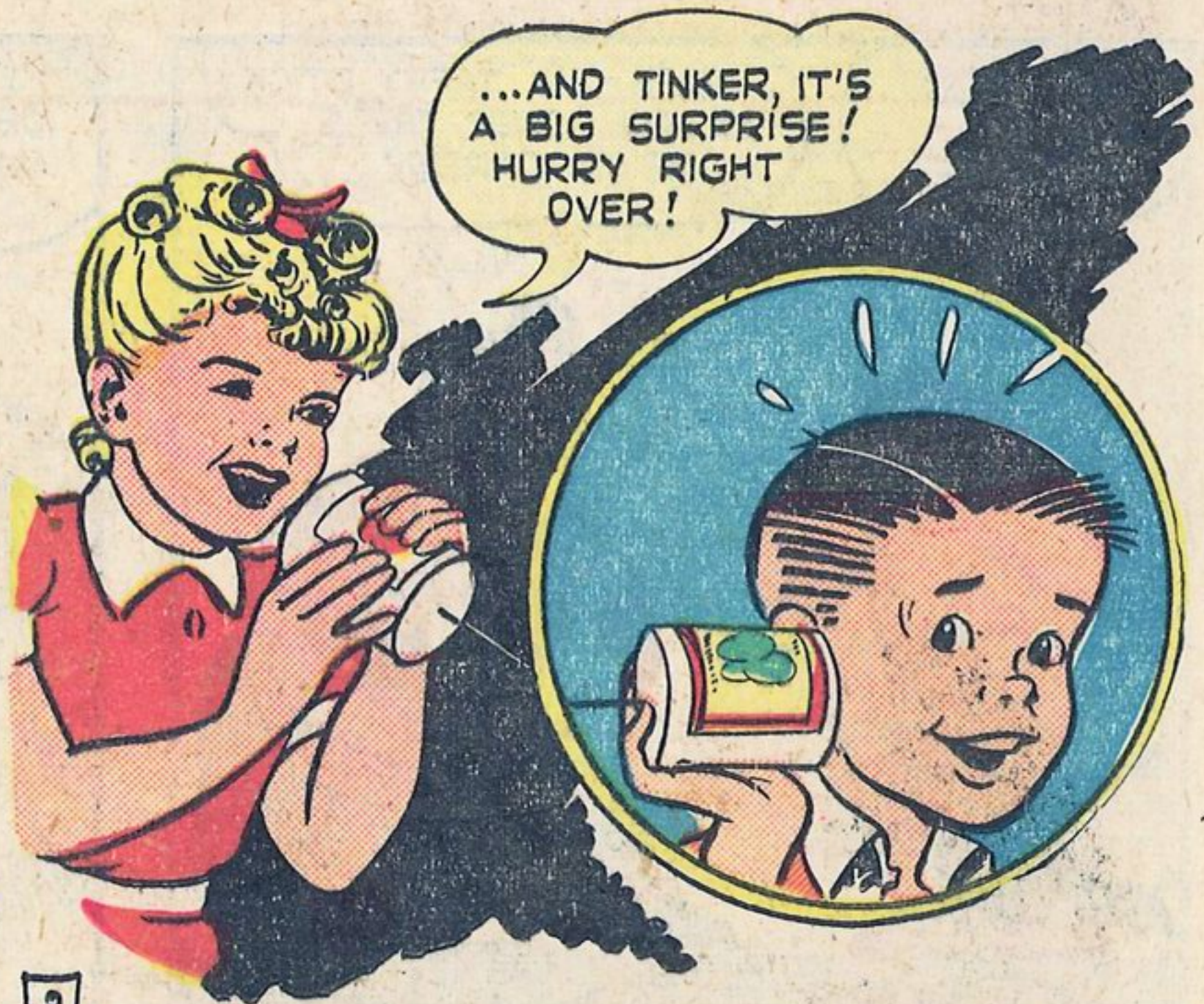
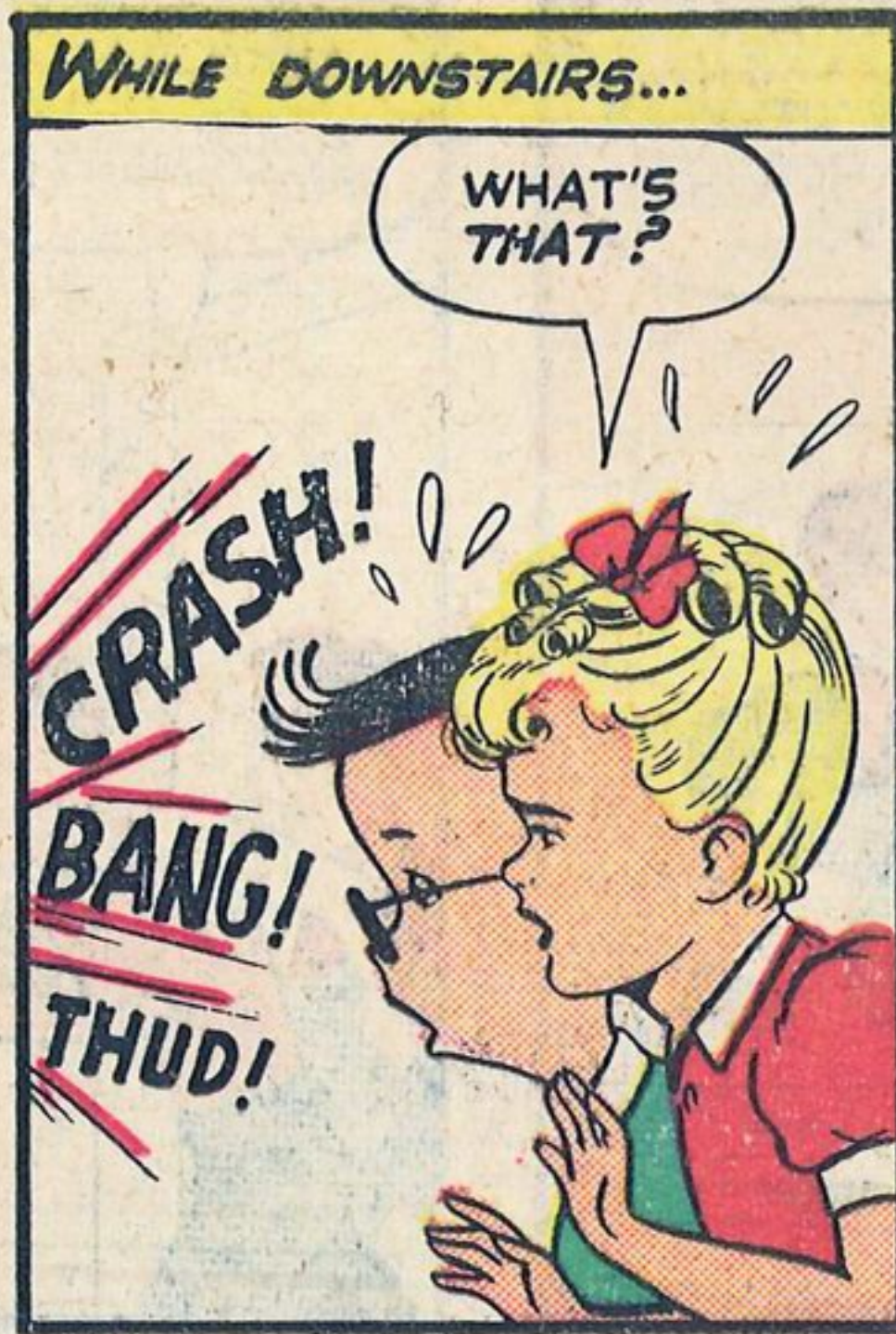


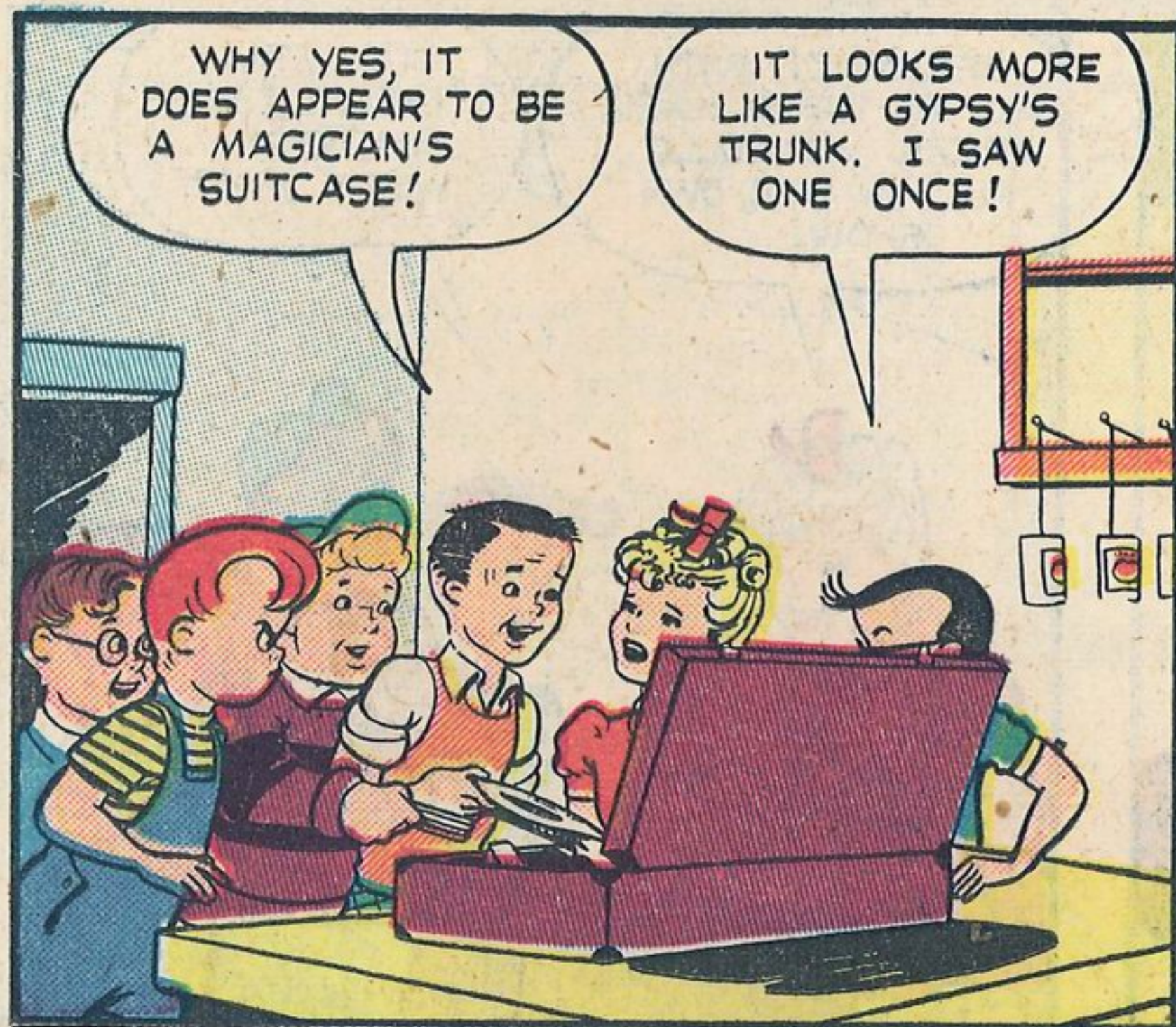
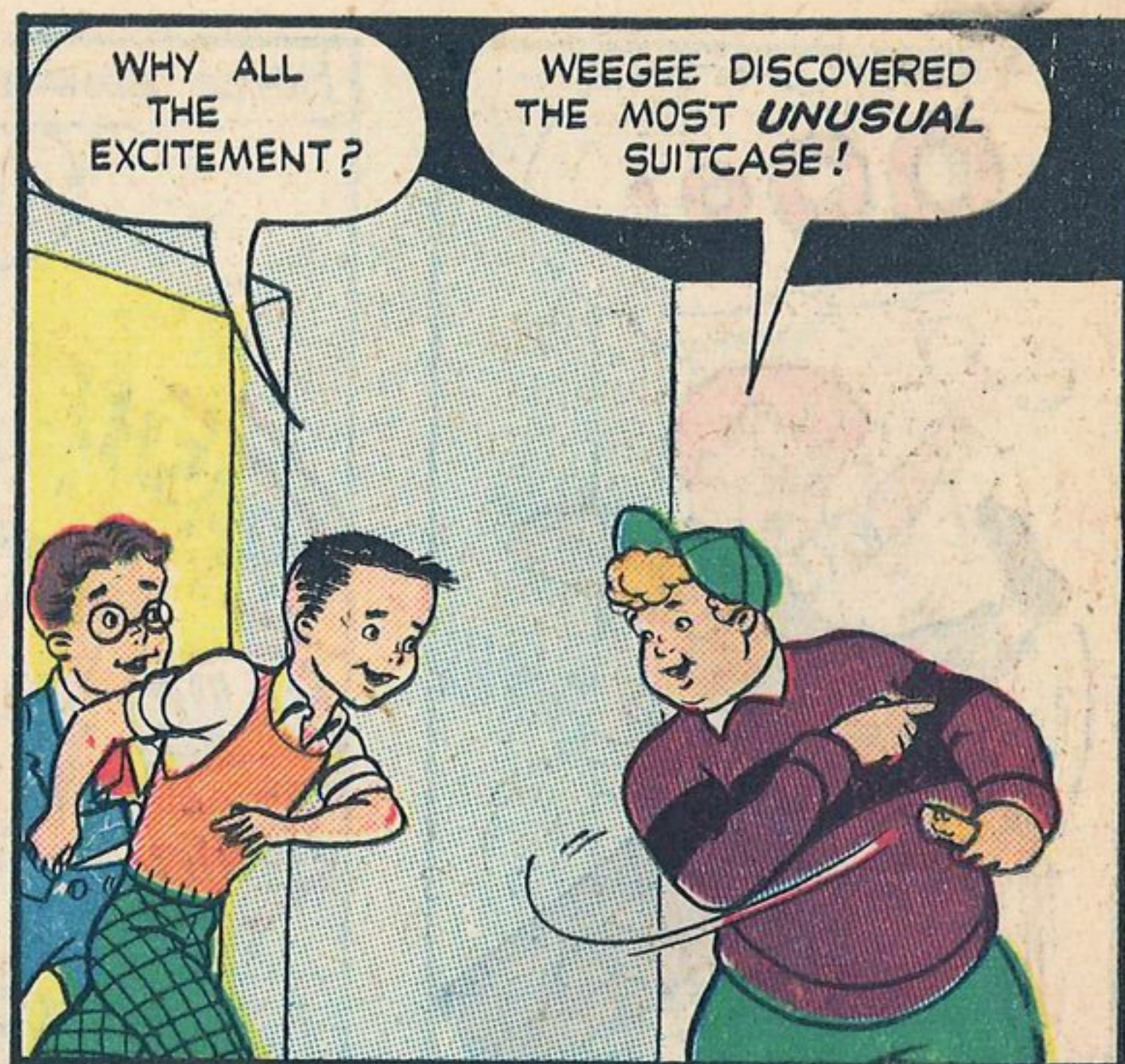
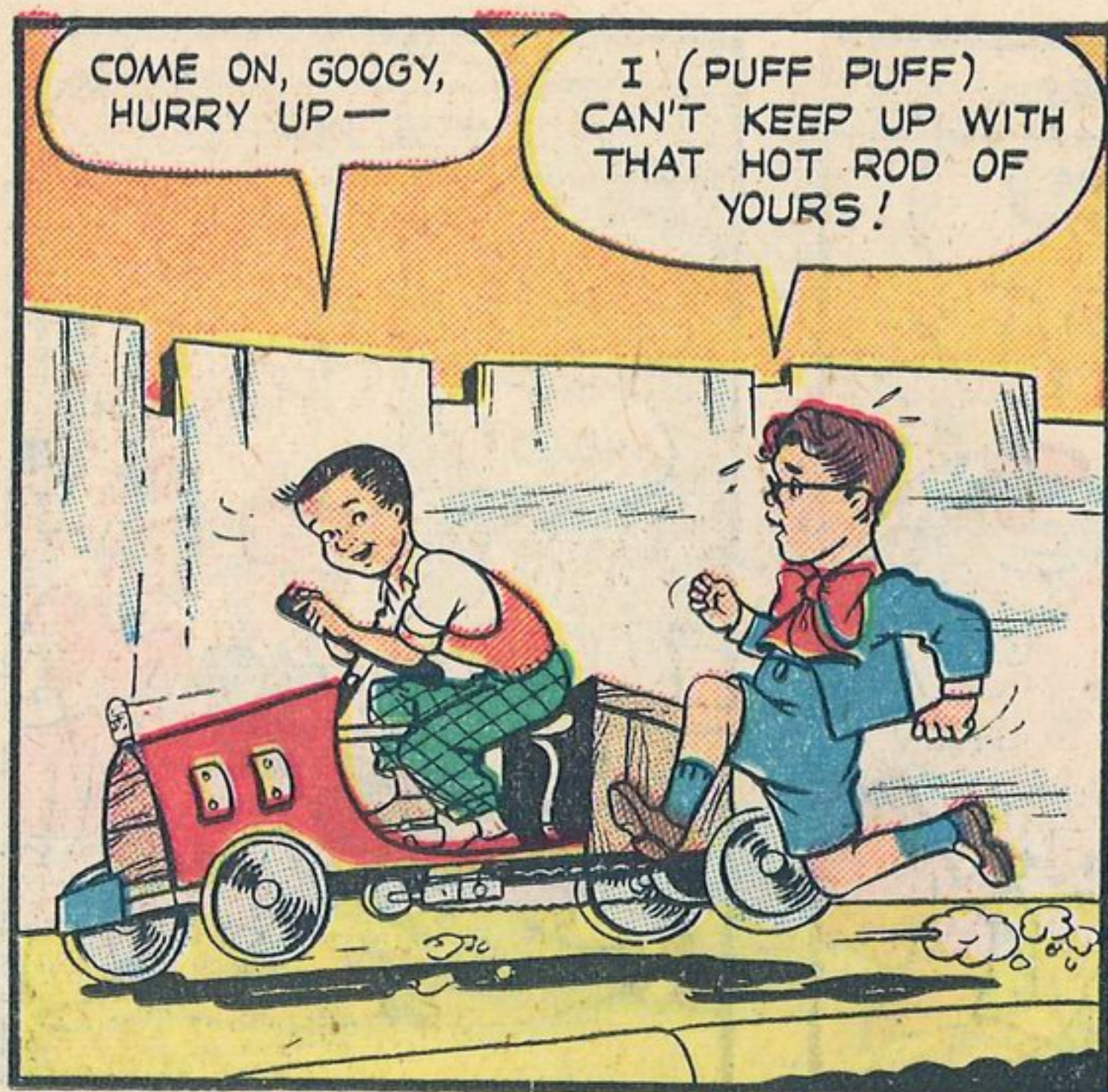












I HAVE A BETTER
IDEA. LET'S EACH
DO A TRICK,
WEEGEE!



I'M FIRST—THESE MAGIC
RINGS ARE SUPPOSED TO
BLEND INTO ONE ANOTHER
WHILE IN MIDAIR. I'LL WAIT
AND SEE WHAT
HAPPENS.



THE RINGS FALL OVER THE RING-
PEG TARGET... ACCIDENTALLY...

HA, HA, YOU MADE
A RINGER,
WEEGEE!

OOOPS!



AW, WHO WANTS TO BE
A JUGGLER, ANYWAY!

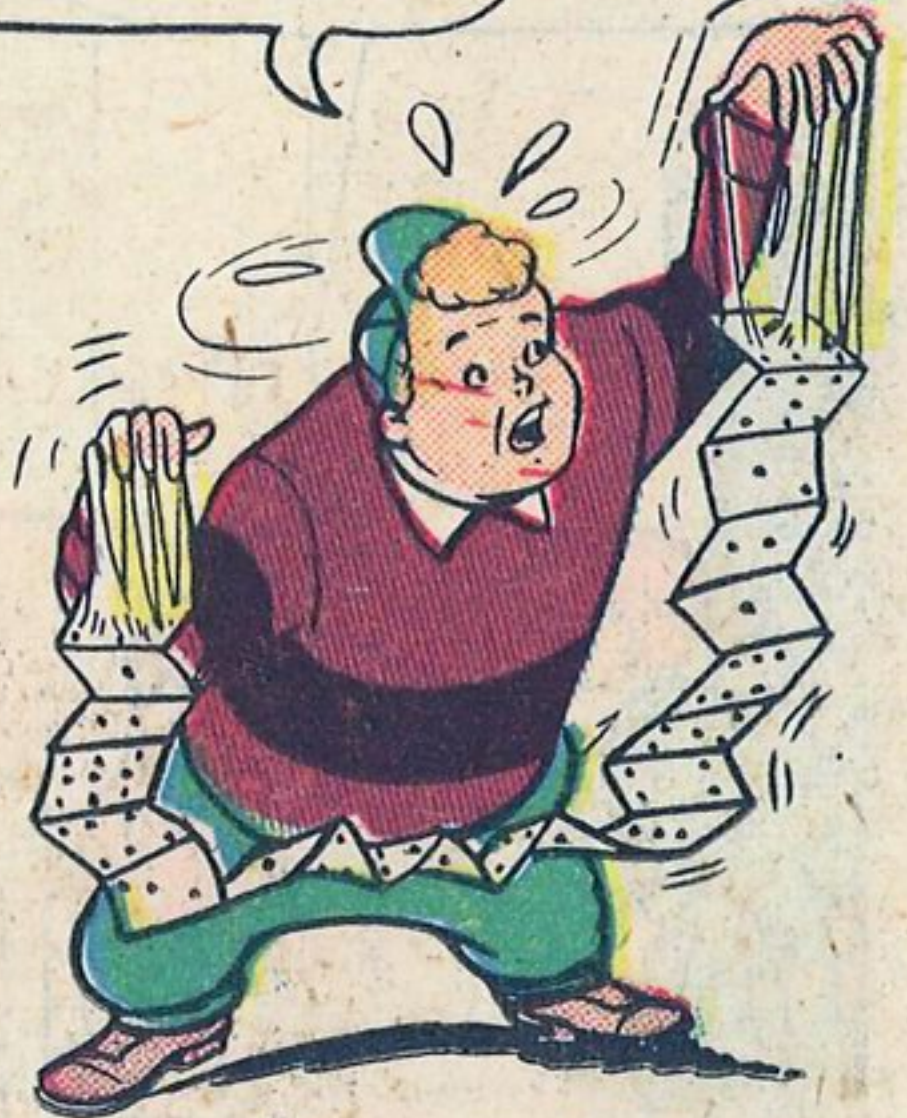


NOW, WHICH
IS WHICH?
I GUESS THESE
ARE THE ONES!



IN THE MEANTIME...

GEE, THIS IS
GETTING WORSE!

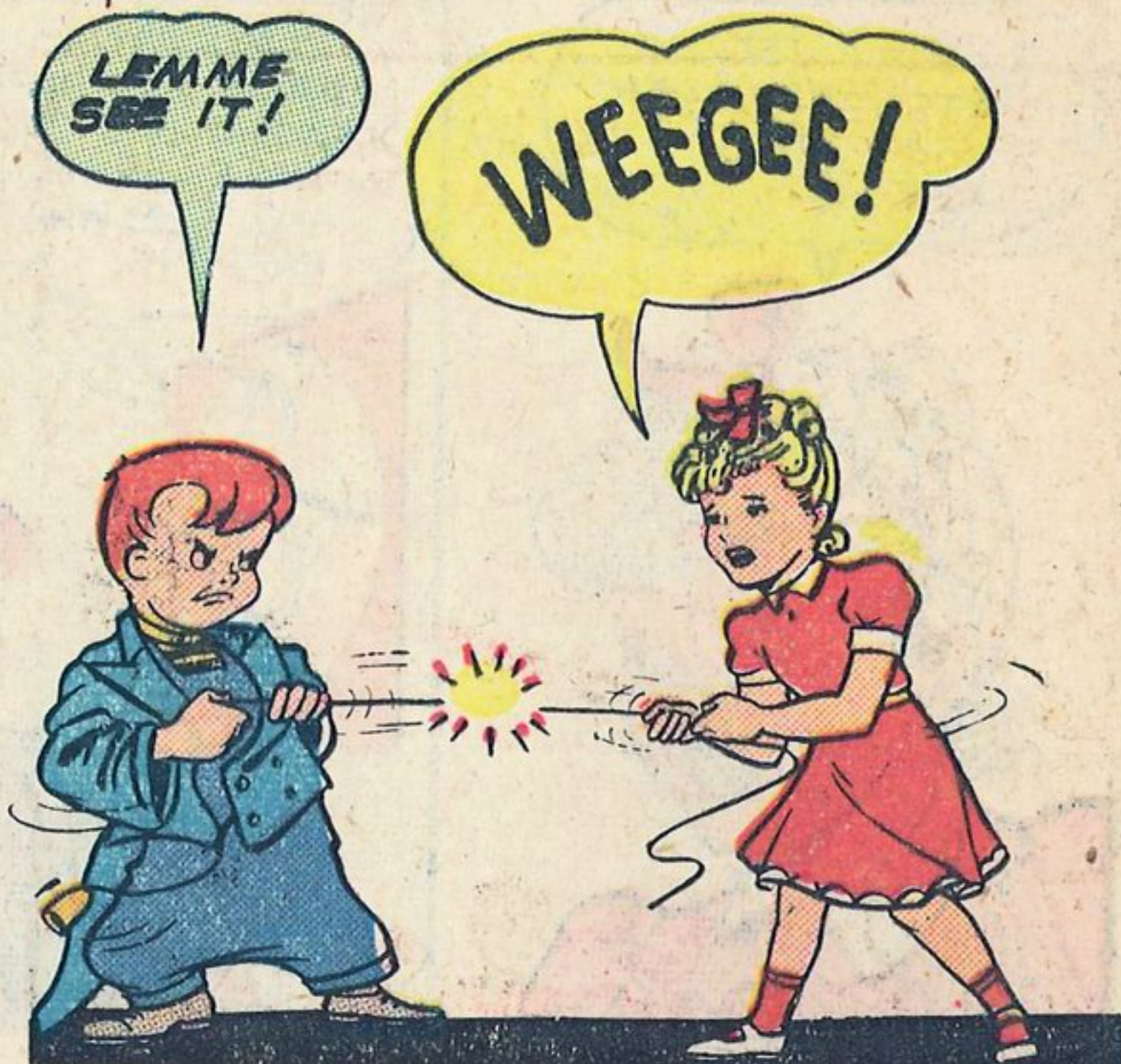


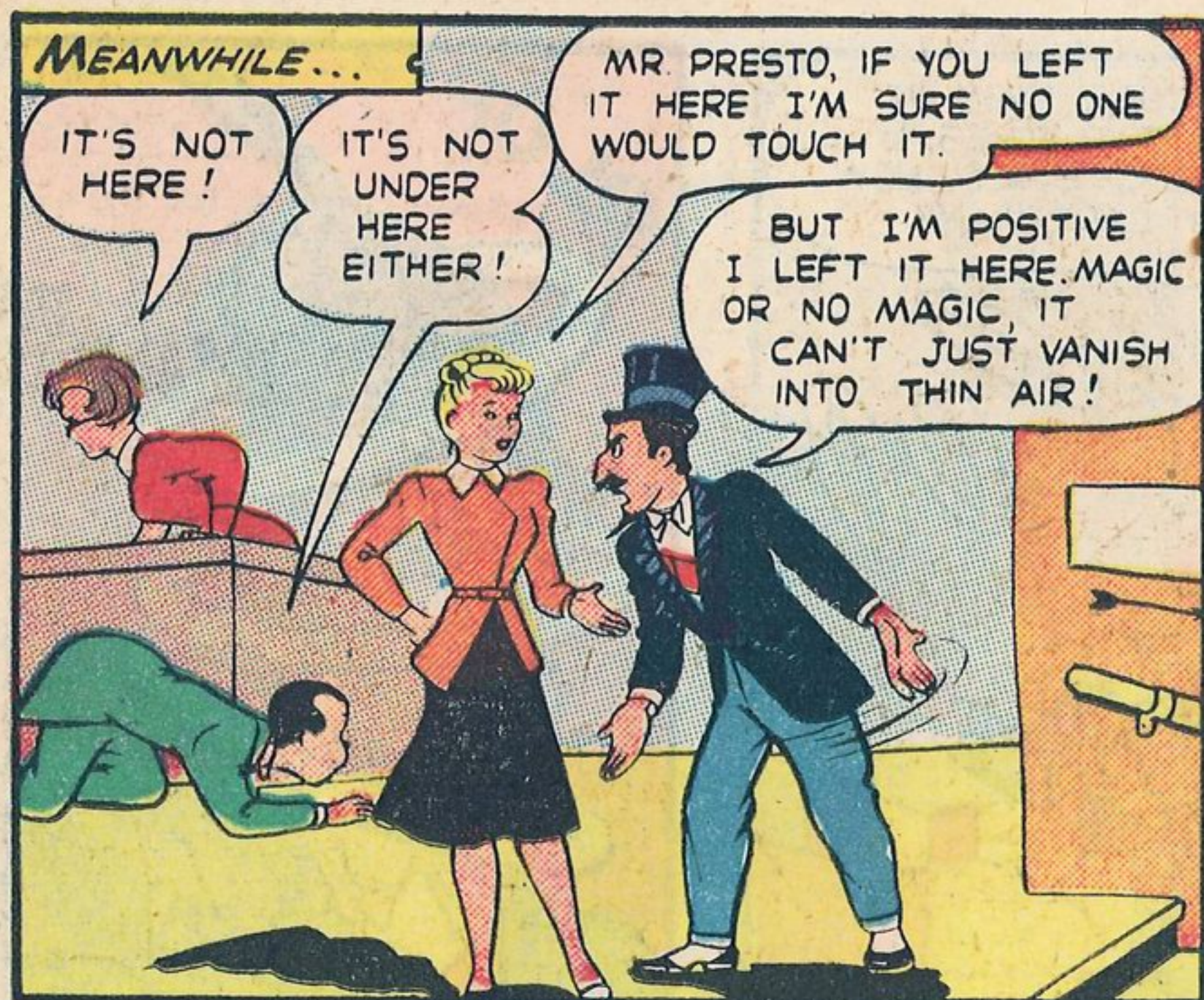
I CAN'T GET RID
OF THESE CARDS!

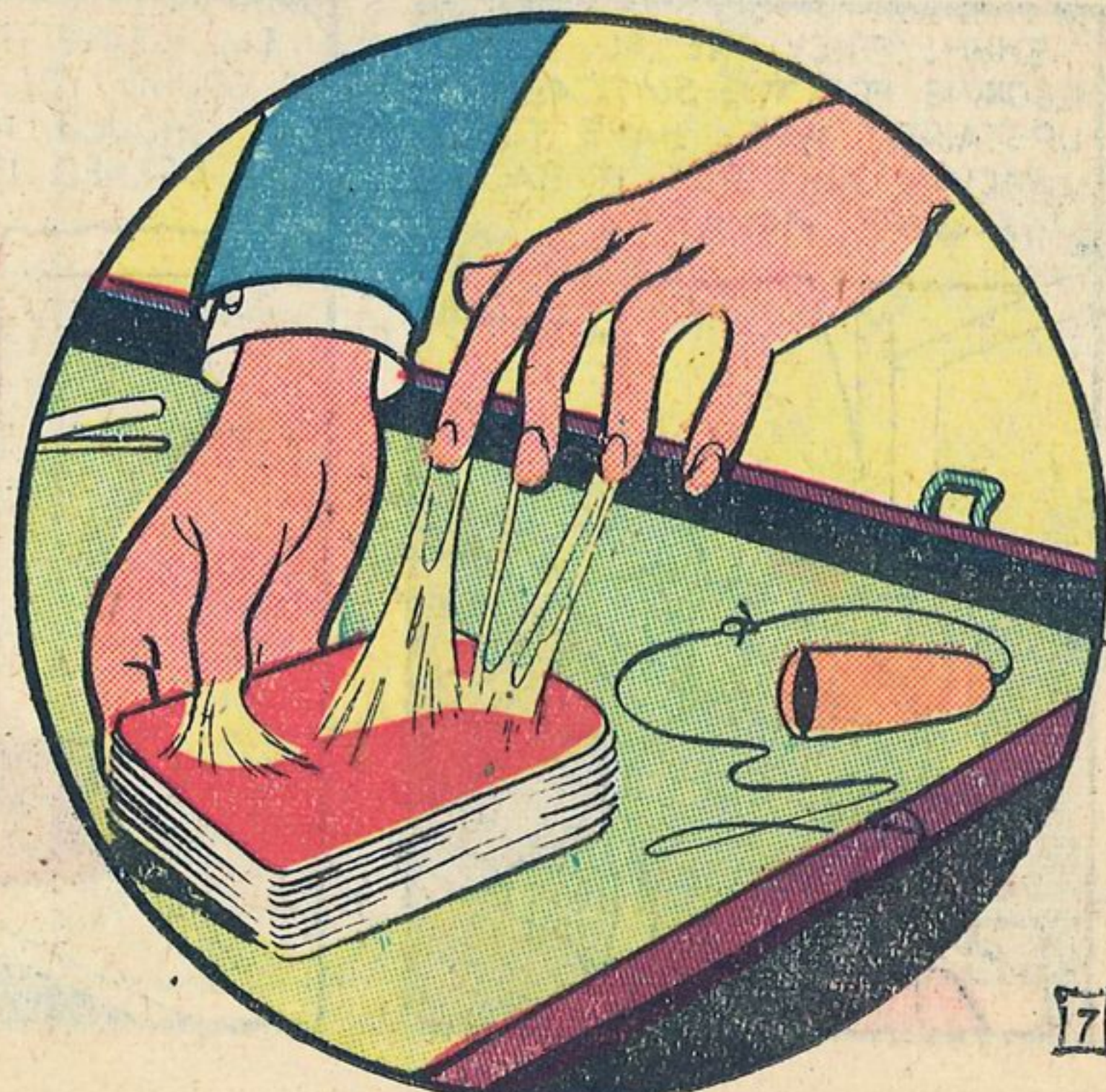
WHAT IS
THAT,
TINKER?

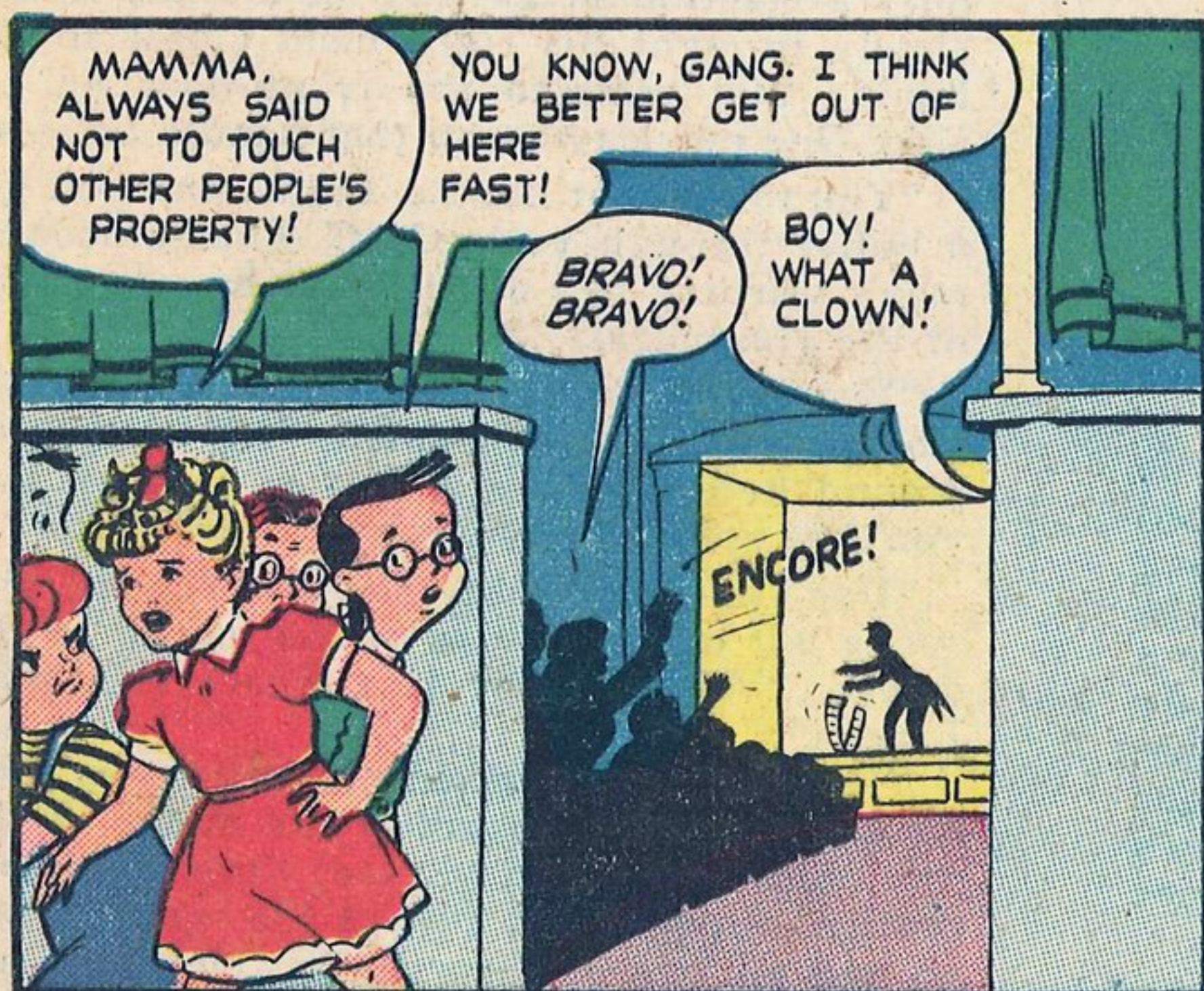
THIS IS A DEVICE THAT
MAGICIANS USE TO MAKE
HANDKERCHIEFS DISAPPEAR.
AN ELASTIC BAND GOES
FROM THEIR BELT THROUGH
THE SLEEVE AND HOOKS ONTO
THIS HOLLOW CYLINDER!











DANGER ROAD

THE GUN prodding Bobby Nelson's narrow waist was a stern reminder that the man in the black raincoat wasn't fooling.

"Look out that window and smile!" the man ordered, his voice low and cold. An extra jab of the gun really hurt Bobby, but he managed to smile nevertheless. He didn't believe that the man would actually risk shooting him while the car was creeping right through the traffic-snarled middle of town, but he couldn't be sure. Back at Jimmy's Gas Station, the man in the black raincoat had been pretty rough with poor old Jimmy Stapleton. The other man, who was driving the car, didn't seem so tough — but he didn't have the gun!

Momentarily forgetting his perilous situation, Bobby started worrying about his bicycle. He hoped nobody would steal it, even if the battered old two-wheeler was hard luck! Almost every time he went for a ride on that wheel, something happened, first to the bike, then to him.

One day the chain had snapped, jamming the back wheel, and Bobby had been dumped rather violently onto the pavement — along with two dozen eggs. Another time, the handle-bars had unexpectedly come loose, and bike and rider had swerved disastrously through Mrs. Pruett's prized tulip bed. Today, just fifteen minutes ago, a slow leak in the front tire had brought Bobby into Jimmy's Gas Station to get free air at the very moment two stick-up men began to rob the place!

"We'll take the kid along," the man in the black raincoat had decided, after he had knocked out old Jimmy with the gun-butt and left him on the floor behind the counter in the office. "The cops will be looking for two men; they won't be looking for two men and a boy!" That was true, Bobby knew, because old Jimmy hadn't even known that Bobby was in the station: he had been knocked senseless inside the office before he even had time to realize that the two men weren't normal customers.

The man with the gun had done another shrewd thing. When he and his partner had arrived at the gas station, they had been wearing bright red sweaters, one of them had been bareheaded and the other — the driver — had worn a checkered peak-cap. When they had driven about a quarter of a mile away from the station, however, they had peeled off the conspicuous sweaters and thrown them, along with the peak-cap, into a thick clump of bushes beside the road. Then the gunman had slipped into the black raincoat and donned an

old slouch-hat, while the driver of the car had put on a light sports-jacket and a brown porkpie hat.

"We're a little crowded up here in the front seat," the man in the black raincoat had admitted, "— but I figure it looks more natural this way. Kids like to ride in the front seat."

Not *this* kid in *this* front seat, Bobby had thought, but he was careful not to say that out loud.

The car had come to a full stop now, right at the principal traffic intersection of the town of Fairfield. Bobby wished unhappily that the crooks had selected an escape route through *his* town, where everybody knew him and where any number of people might come up to the car and ask where he was going — and, who were his two friends? But in the neighboring town of Fairfield, he knew very few people, and it was unlikely that he would encounter any of those he did.

Moving his right arm very carefully, and only a fraction of an inch at a time, Bobby slowly brought his right hand closer to the handle that released the front door on his side. One quick twist on that handle and — !

"You touch that handle, kiddo, and you get a bullet through your ribs!" The raincoated man's warning was emphasized by a hard jab of the gun-muzzle.

"You wouldn't dare shoot me right here!" Bobby said, with some spirit. "All the people around here would hear the gun go off and you'd be grabbed right away!"

"Don't count on that," the man replied, and spoke out of the corner of his mouth to the driver. "Willie, show this smart boy what I mean."

The other man pressed his foot down hard on the gas pedal. Instantly the motor of the motionless car began to race; then the driver reached forward and turned the ignition key on and off two or three times. Two loud explosions blasted at the rear of the car.

When he heard the bang-bang of the backfire, Bobby knew that he had no chance of escaping. The man in the black raincoat would shoot him without hesitation, and Willie the driver would make the car backfire to cover the report of the gun.

"Let's go, Willie," the man said. "The light's green."

The car rolled across the intersection, proceeded slowly for two long blocks, then swung into the road leading out of town into a principal turnpike. Bobby, thinking about his immediate future in terms of utter gloom, didn't follow the stick-up men's conversation very closely at first, but suddenly several words added up and make frightening sense to him.

"The old quarry up at the end of Bushmill Road," the raincoated man was saying. "Seems to be sort of a dumping grounds. People lug old stoves and stuff like that up there and leave it there — or, if they feel like watching a big splash, they push it over into the rain pools

down in the quarry pit."

"You mean we should . . . I mean, the kid . . . Well, that is, Lou, I mean, do we have to?"

"Me — I feel like watching a big splash, Willie," the man in the raincoat said. "I don't want any kid turning up someday and pointing me out to the cops. Maybe dusting off the hot seat for me, too, if that old geezer back at the gas station decides to kick the bucket as a result of that tap on the skull I gave him."

Bobby knew the old quarry at the end of Bushmill Road. He and his friends had often gone there on hikes. The abandoned quarry was a fascinating place, and the litter of discarded ice-boxes, bedsprings, and other interesting junk provided fine treasure trove for boys.

But now — now they were going to throw *HIM* into the deep, water-bottomed pit!

"You can't do that!" Bobby cried desperately. "I didn't do anything to you!"

The faintest ghost of a grin touched the hard expression of the raincoated man's face.

"We want to make sure that you never do," he said.

"Lou!" the driver said suddenly. "There's a car coming along behind us; coming pretty fast."

The man in the black raincoat twisted his head around to look back.

"Yeah . . . Well, I don't think it means anything. Lots of cars use this road, and lots of them go fast."

The car in question gradually overhauled them, drew alongside, and a moment later, passed them. There were two men in it, and the man beside the driver turned his head to gaze indifferently at them as he went by.

The other car disappeared around a bend, and when the hold-up men's car reached the same bend, the other machine was nowhere in sight.

"They were really hitting it up," Willie said. "I hope no cops are chasing them!"

The words had no sooner left his lips than they all heard the whine of the siren, some distance behind as yet but growing steadily louder.

"Cops!" cried Willie. "What did I tell you?"

"Don't lose your nerve, Willie!" the other man snapped. "There's Bushmill Road, a hundred yards ahead. We'll be turned in there before that patrol car reaches the bend!"

And a few seconds later, they did just that, swinging off the smooth turnpike in a sharp, braking turn and plunging into the densely wooded region known as Bushmill's Woods.

Bushmill Road once had been smoothly surfaced, to accommodate the quarry trucks, but now the road was a pitted ruin. The car bounced and lurched, and Willie had to slow down. Then, suddenly, he had to stop entirely. There was a car standing on the road — or, rather, standing squarely across the road — right ahead.

"It's the car that passed us!" Willie said

hoarsely.

"Where are the two guys were in it?" Lou wondered, and now there was a trace of uncertainty in his cold voice.

As if his question had been heard, a voice spoke from the thick brush to one side of the road:

"All right, fellers! Come out with your hands up! Quick!"

"You can't see us," shouted a voice from the woods on the opposite side of the road, "— but we have you covered!"

"Back up, Willie!" whispered the raincoated man tensely. "We'll run out of here in reverse!"

But even as Willie started to change the gears, the siren wailed loudly behind them, and they heard the patrol car coming in from the turnpike.

"That does it, Lou," Willie muttered. "We're sunk!"

Five minutes later, Bobby was riding in the front seat of another car, and this time he was enjoying the experience.

"Glad you didn't give any sign that you knew me when we passed you that time," said one of the two men in the car. "No telling what might have happened."

"Yeah," said Bobby grinning, "— but, boy, was I glad to see you, Mr. Lenox! Only, I was afraid you hadn't spotted me and would keep right on going!"

"No chance of that, son!" Sheriff Lenox said. "As soon as we tabbed you, we figured where those two crooks were heading, so we turned into Bushmill Road to wait for them. If we had guessed wrong, the State Patrol car, in touch with us by two-way radio, would have followed you and your captors on the turnpike."

"How did you know which way those fellows went after they left Jimmy's Gas Station," Bobby wanted to know. "Oh, gee! I forgot! How's Jimmy — is he all right?"

"He has a little headache, but he's okay, Bobby," the sheriff answered. "We *didn't* know which way they went, so we sent patrols out in every direction. And in each car someone who knew you, went along. You were our only means of identifying the hold-up men, because old Jimmy didn't get a good look at their faces before they knocked him cold, and he never saw their car at all."

Bobby thought a moment, then asked a question that had been puzzling him.

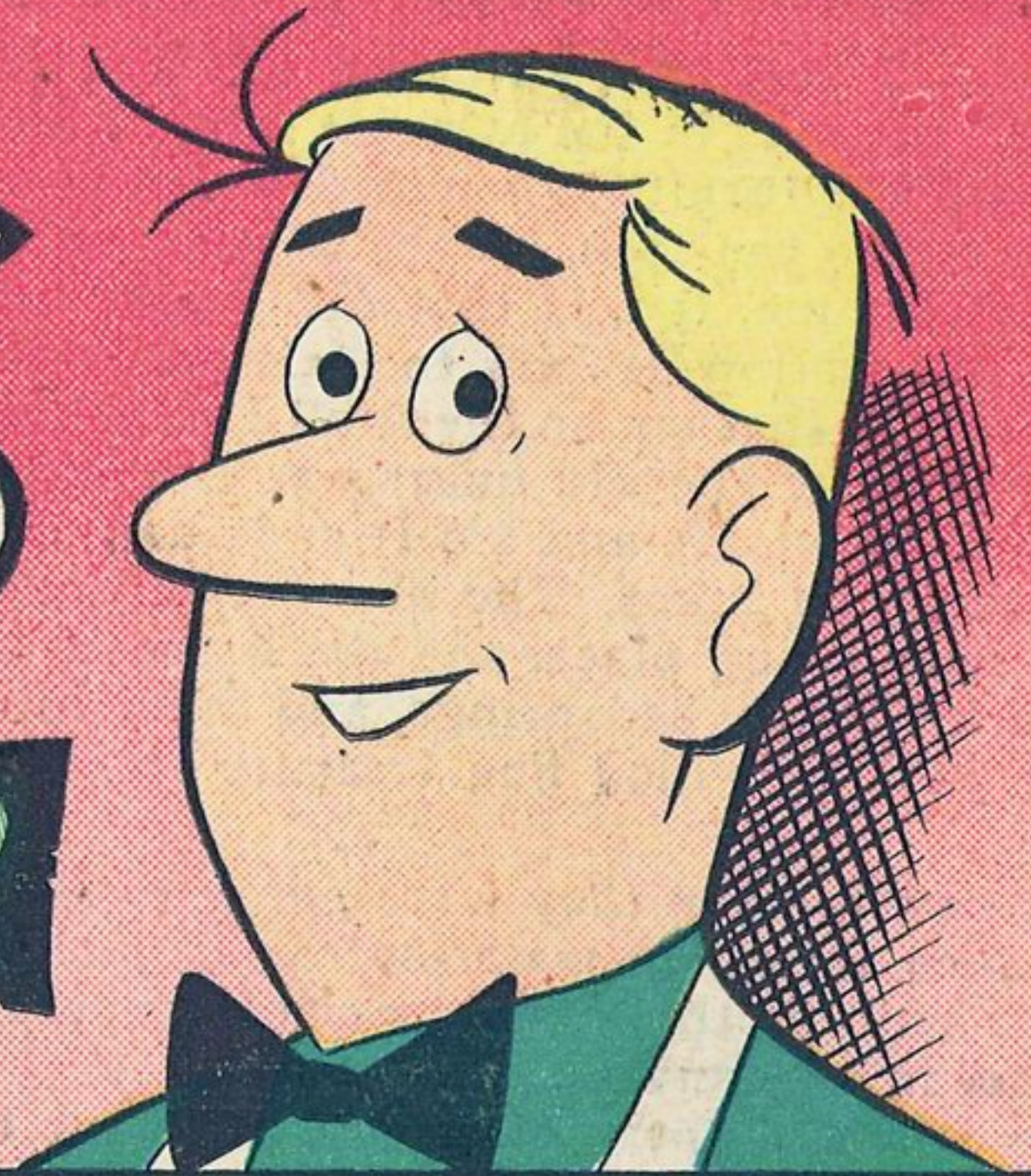
"How did anybody know those men had *me* with them? Nobody saw me, I know, before those crooks grabbed me."

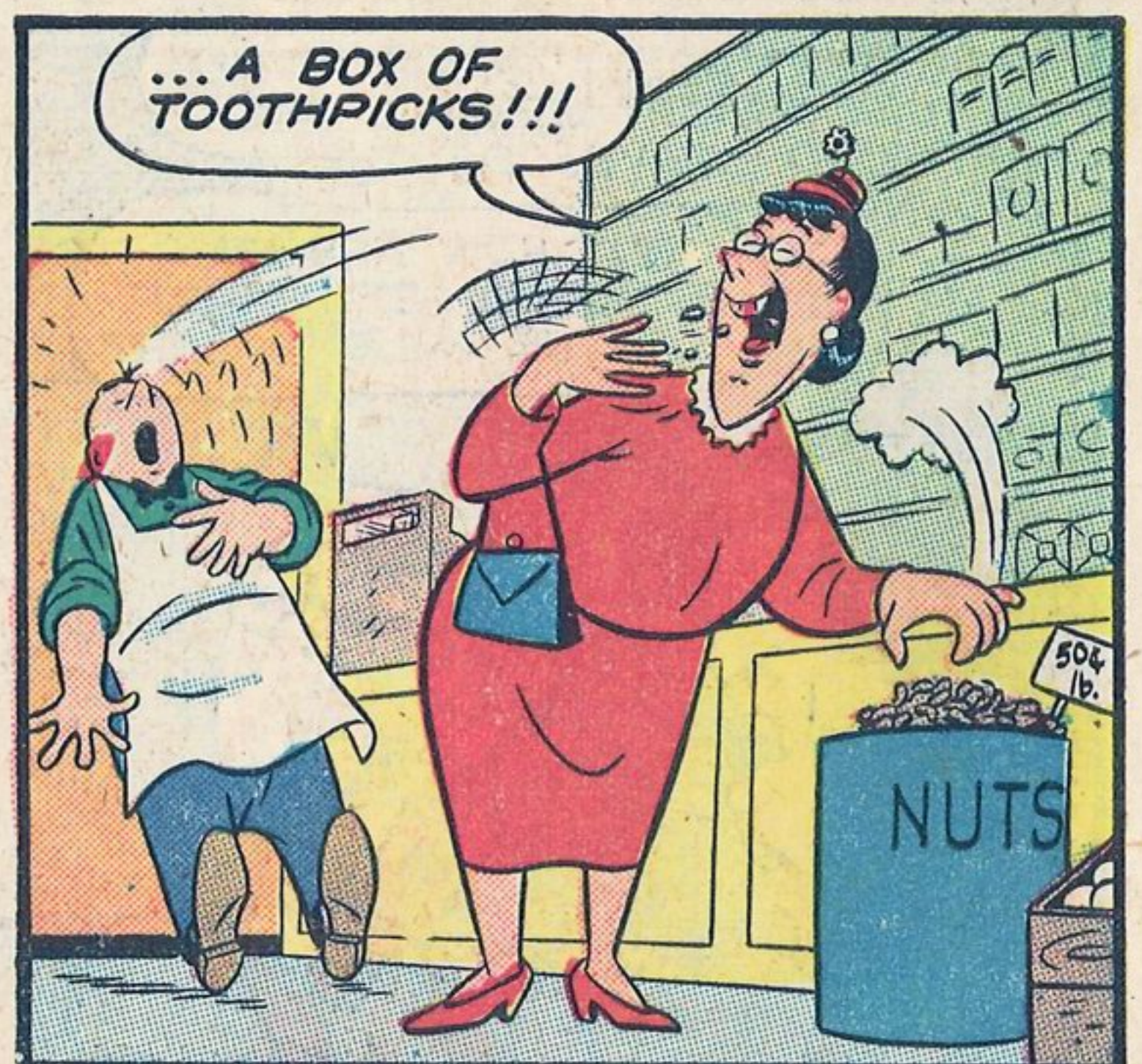
"There was an old, beat-up bike standing in the gas station," the sheriff explained, grinning. "Old Jimmy was positive it hadn't been there before. So, we put two and two together — and got two!"

"The hard-luck bike!" murmured Bobby. "For crying out loud . . .!" — **THE END** —

GUS

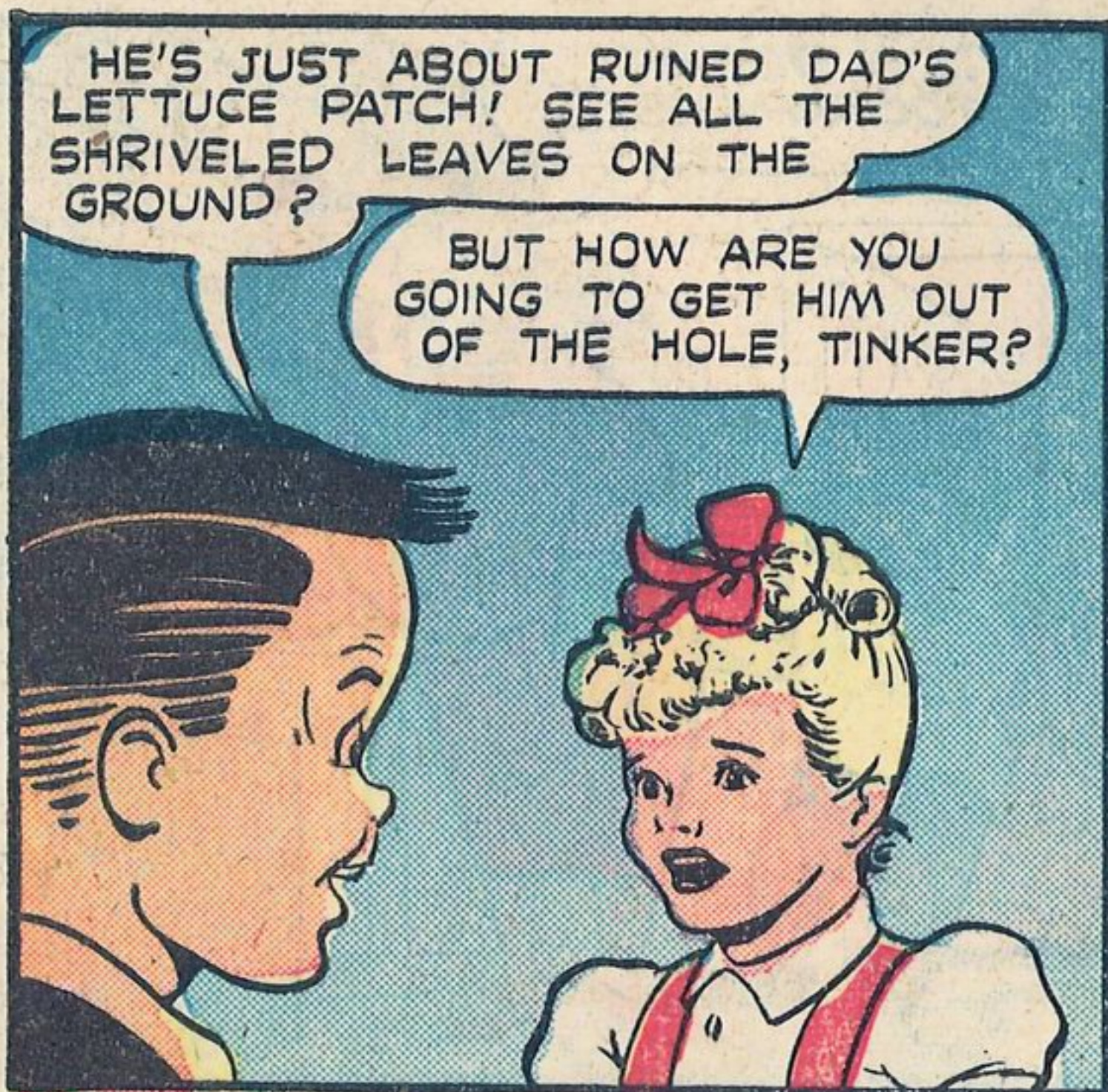
THE GROCER







ON A BRIGHT SATURDAY MORNING...





INSIDE THE RABBIT BURROW...



A MOMENT LATER...

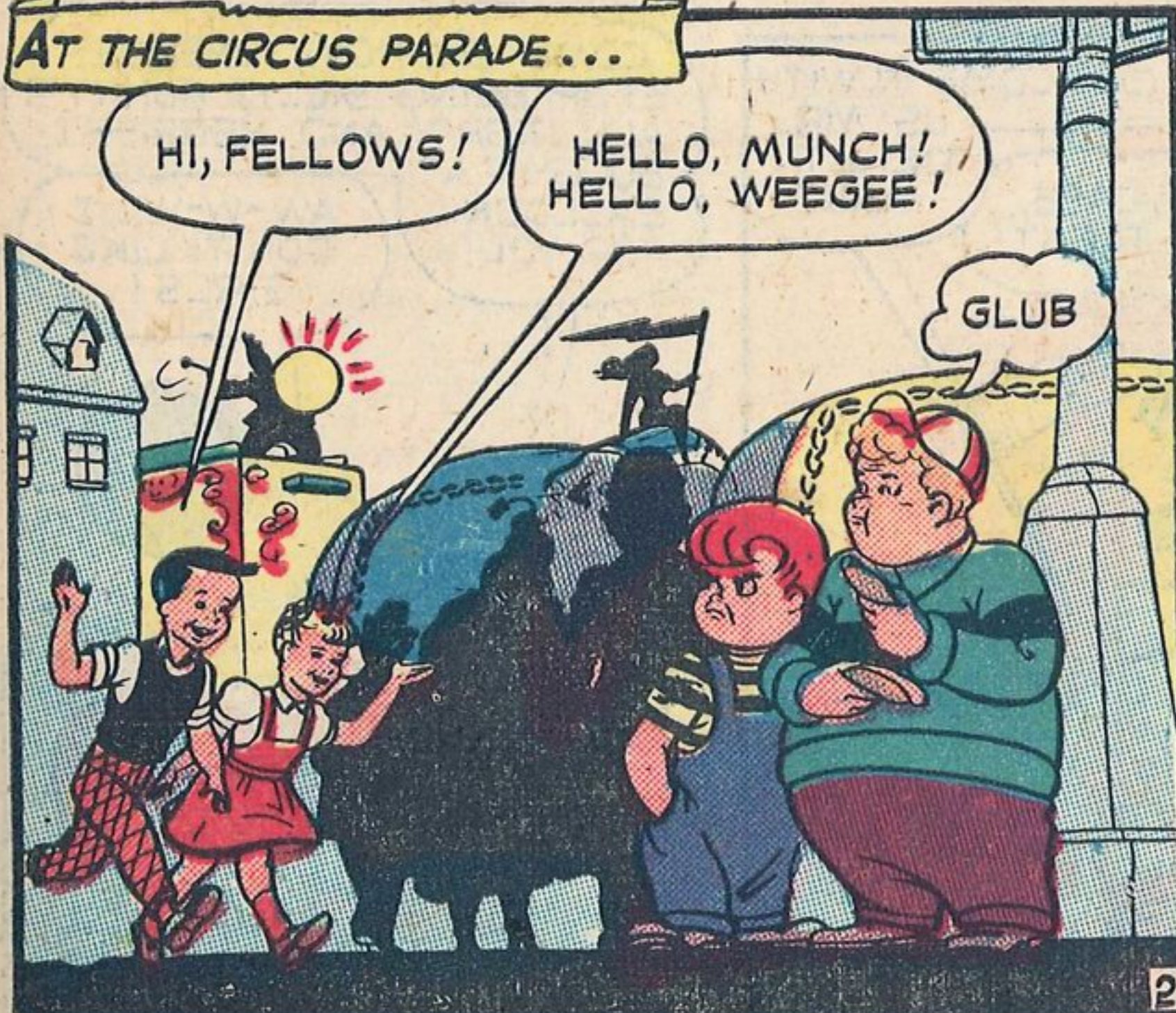


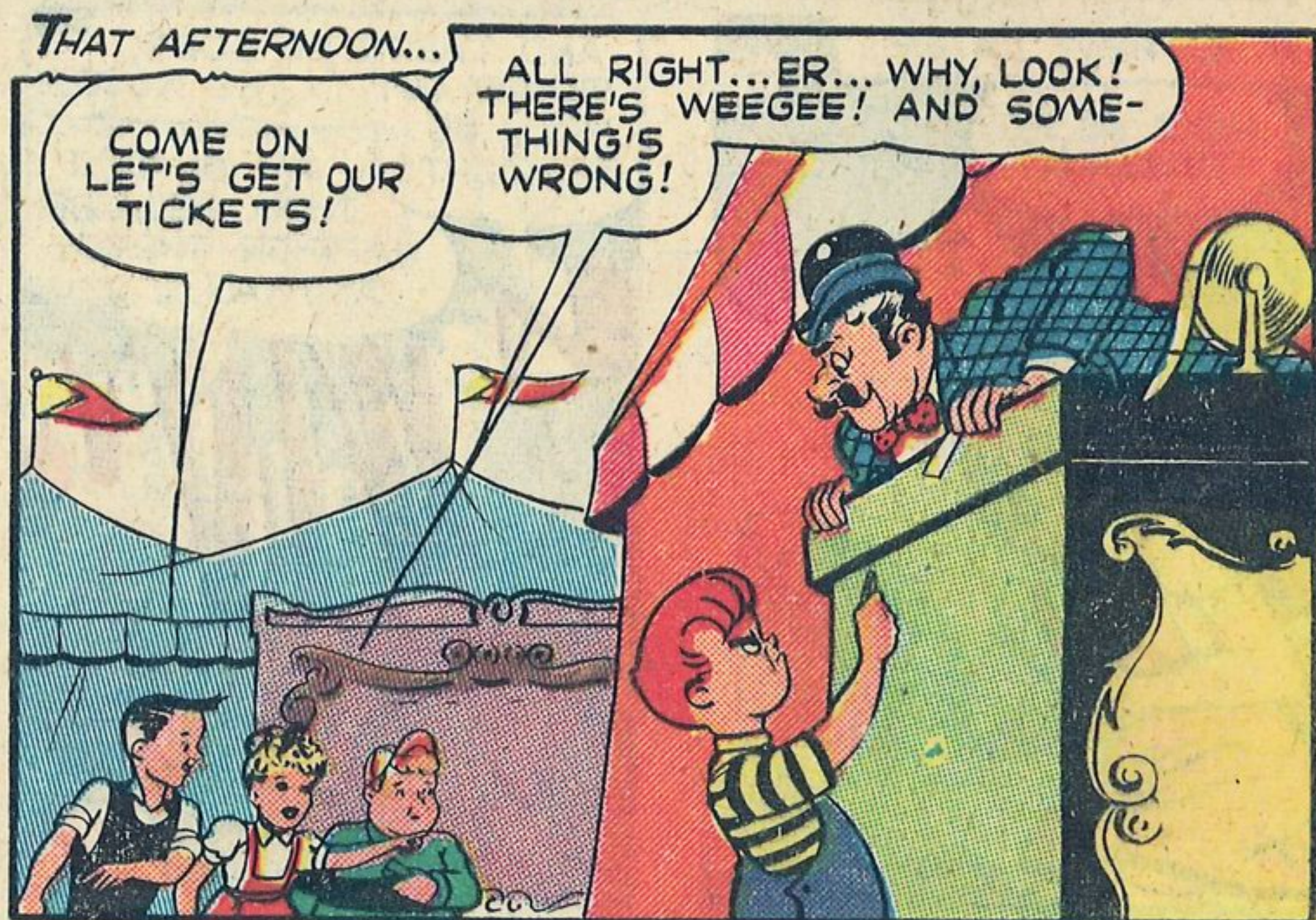
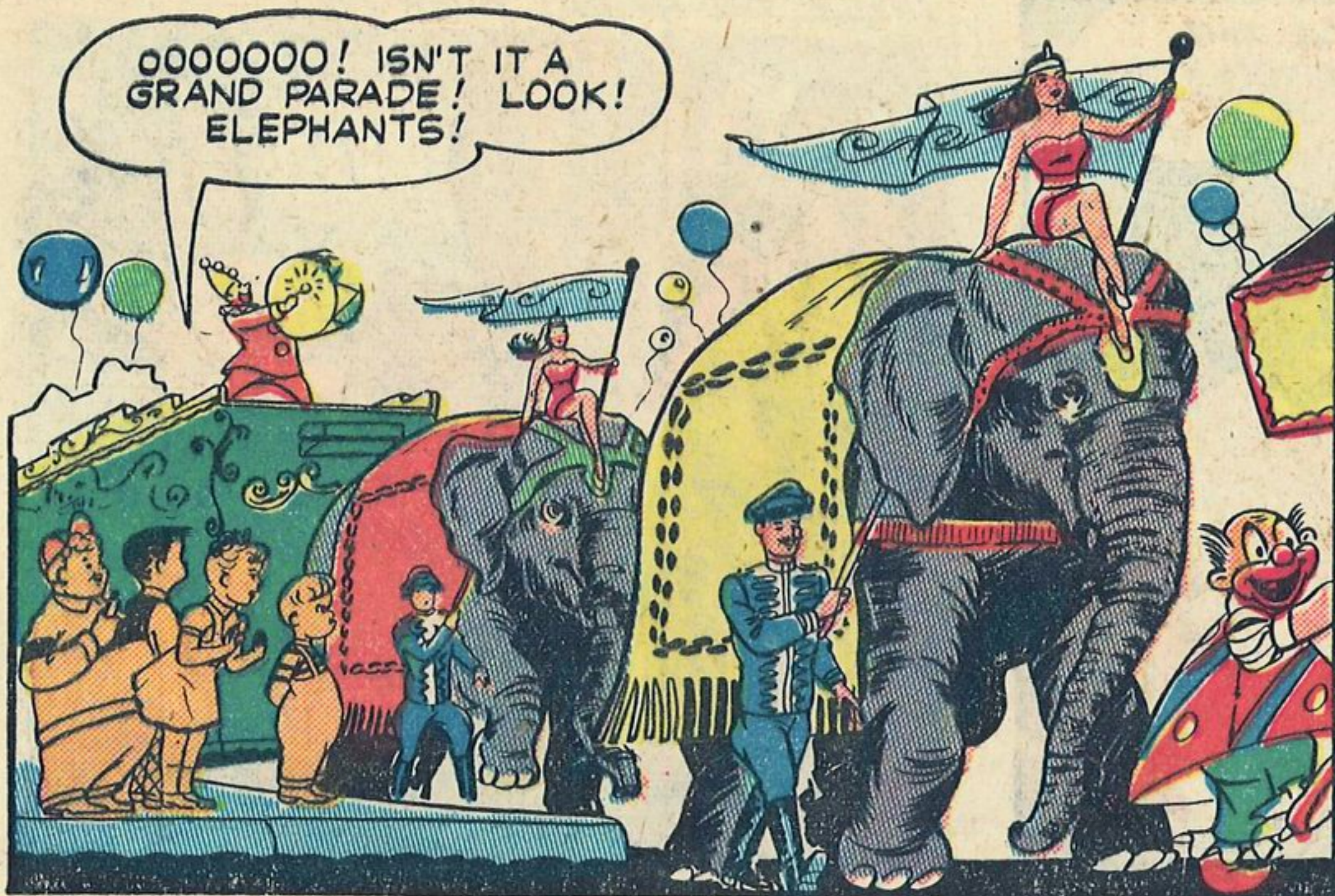
NOW LET'S HURRY, OR WE'LL MISS THE CIRCUS PARADE!

MUNCH TOLD ME HE AND WEEGEE WILL BE THERE WATCHING. PERHAPS WE'LL FIND THEM DOWNTOWN!



AT THE CIRCUS PARADE...





FIRST COME THE CLOWNS...

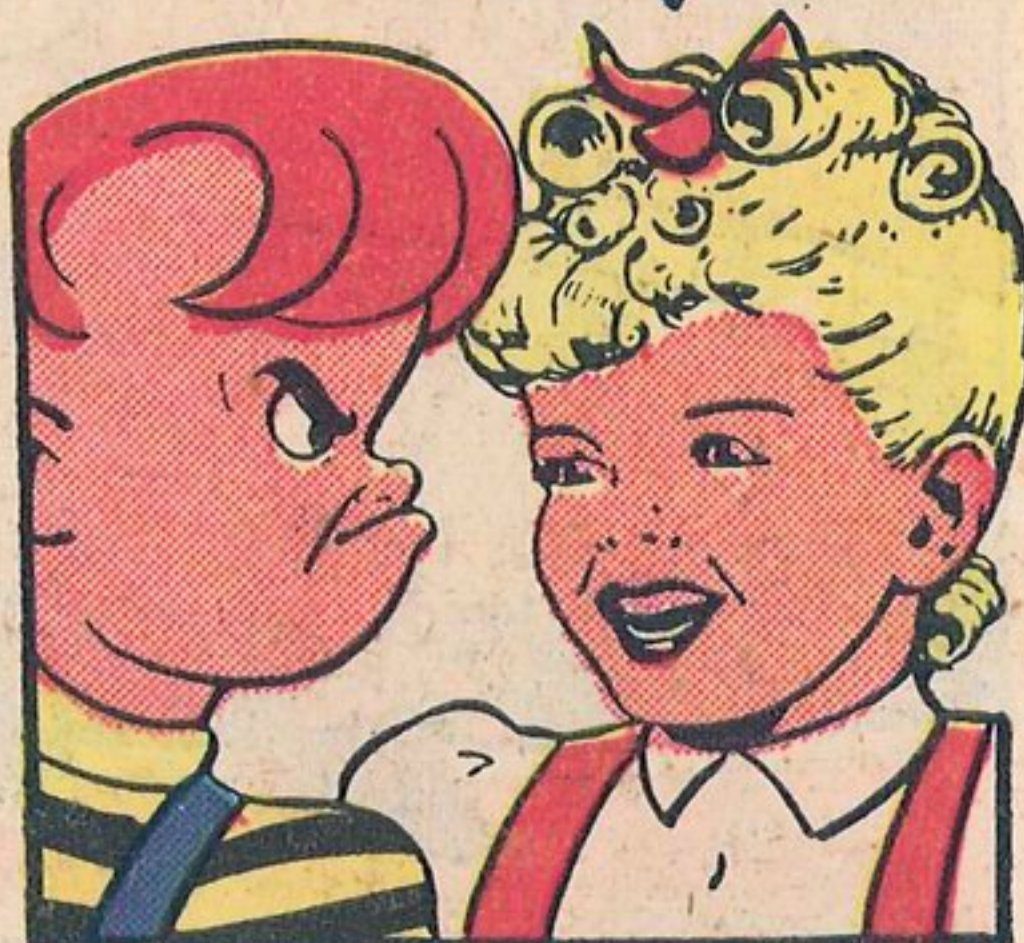


HE-HE-HE!
LOOK AT
THEM!

HA-HA!
JIMMINY!
THEY'RE FUNNY!

I DON'T
THINK THEY'RE
FUNNY!

OH, WEEGEE,
YOU'RE BEING
CONTRARY!
CHEER UP!
LOOK! A NEW
ACT IS
COMING ON!

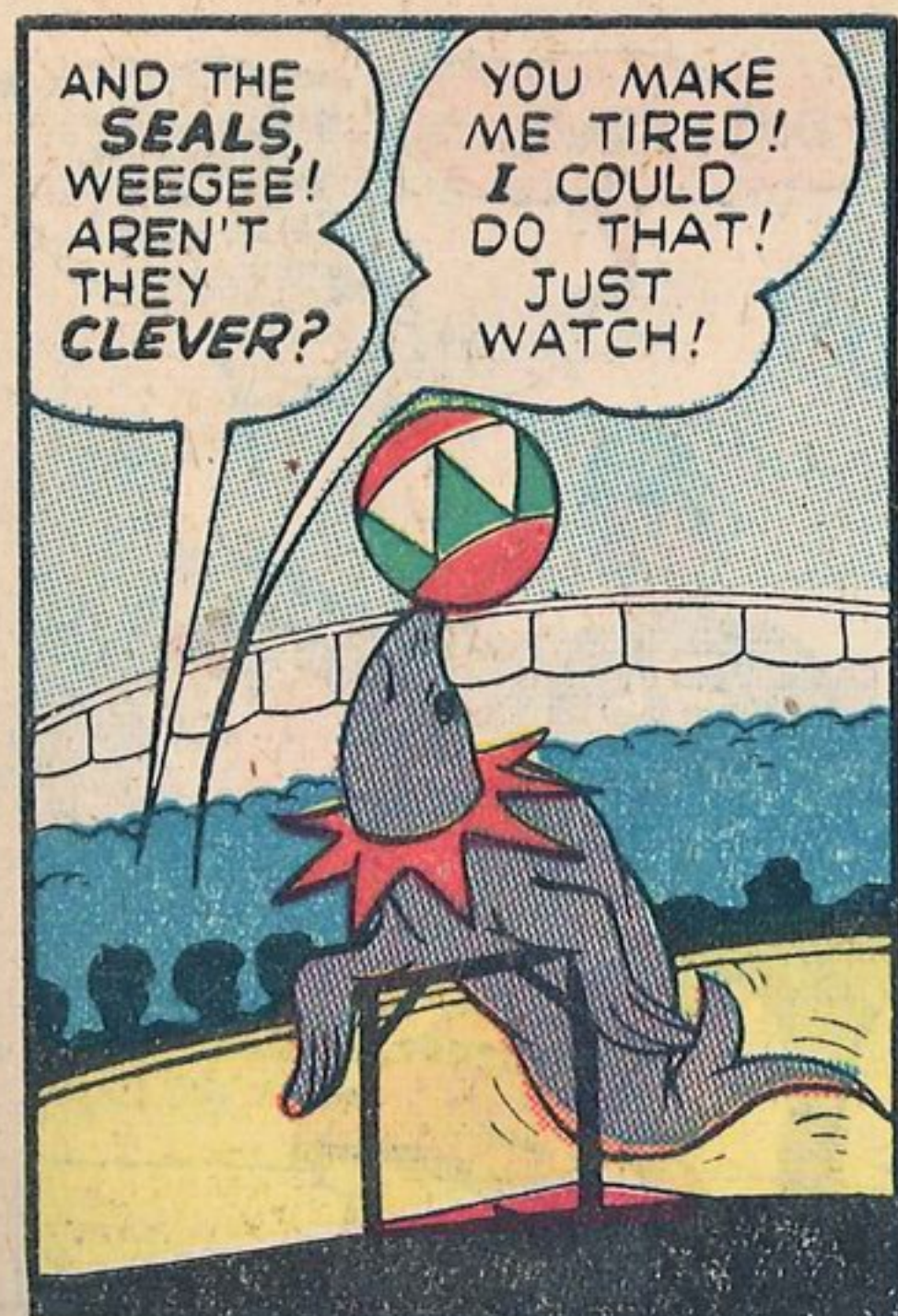


IN THE CENTER RING,
LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,
ORLANDO, WITH HIS
VICIOUS TIGERS!



TIGERS! DON'T THEY SORT OF...
SCARE YOU?

NAW! I'M NOT
SCARED! THEY'RE
NOTHIN'!



AND THE
SEALS,
WEEGEE!
AREN'T
THEY
CLEVER?

YOU MAKE
ME TIRED!
I COULD
DO THAT!
JUST
WATCH!

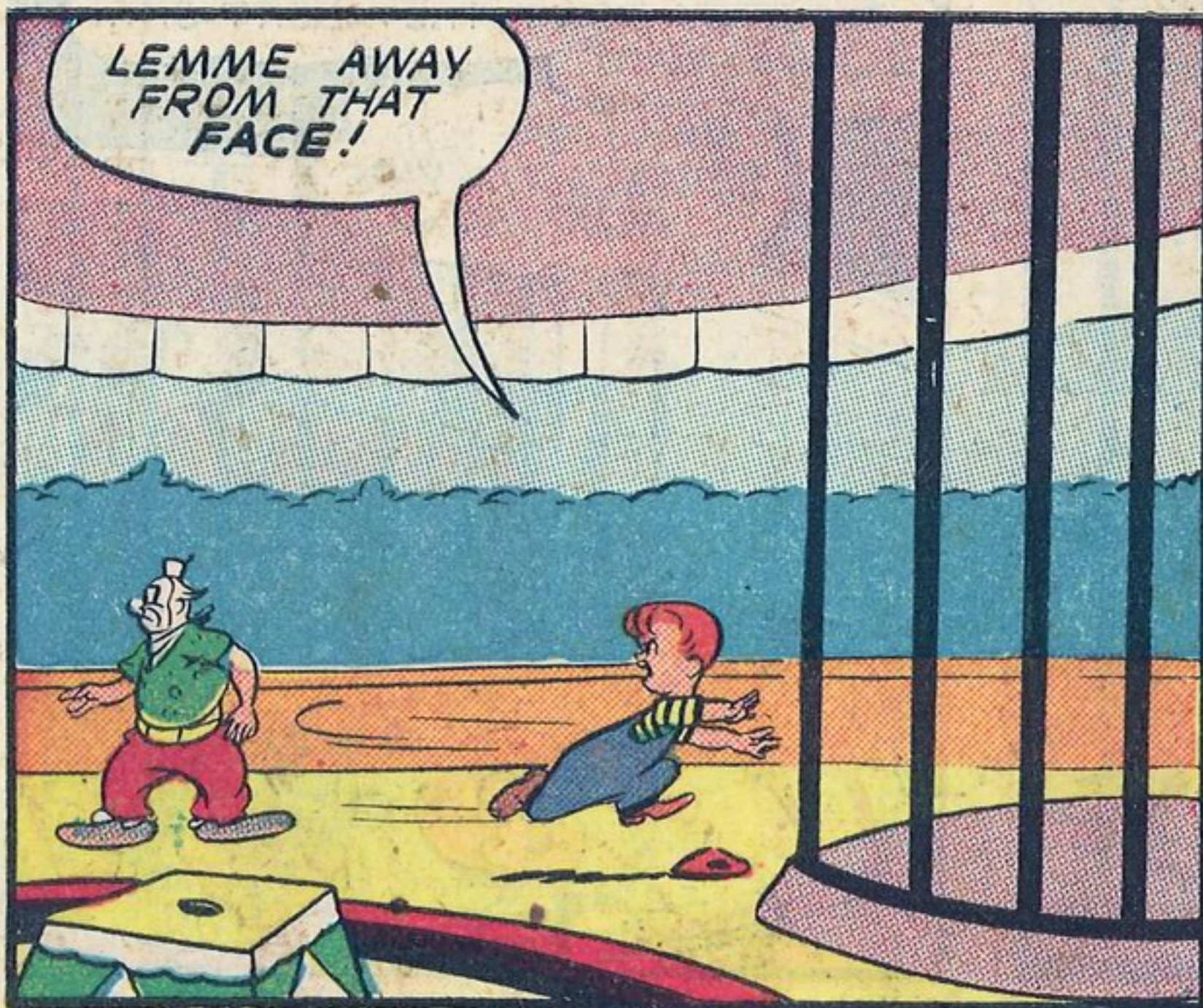
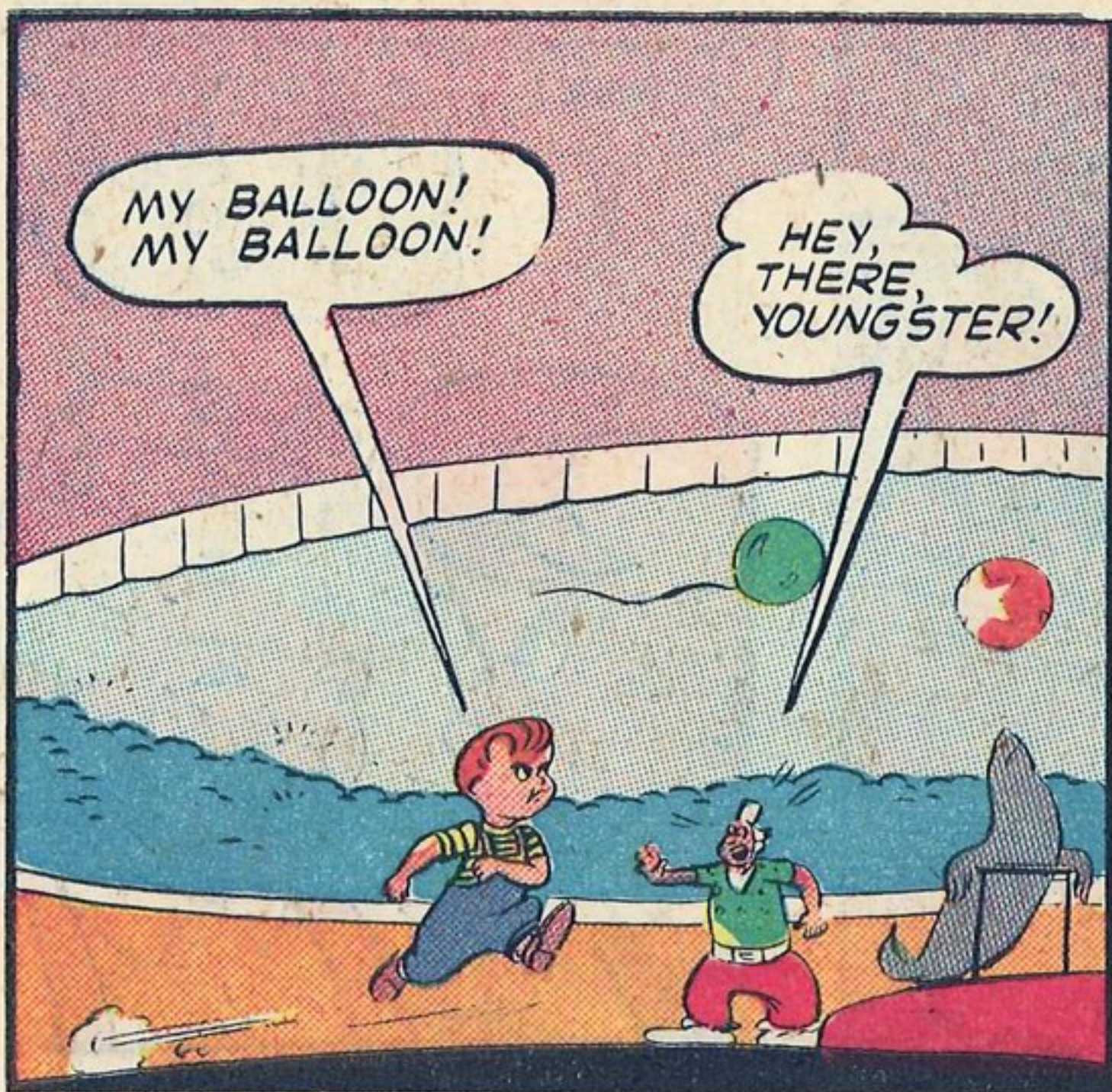


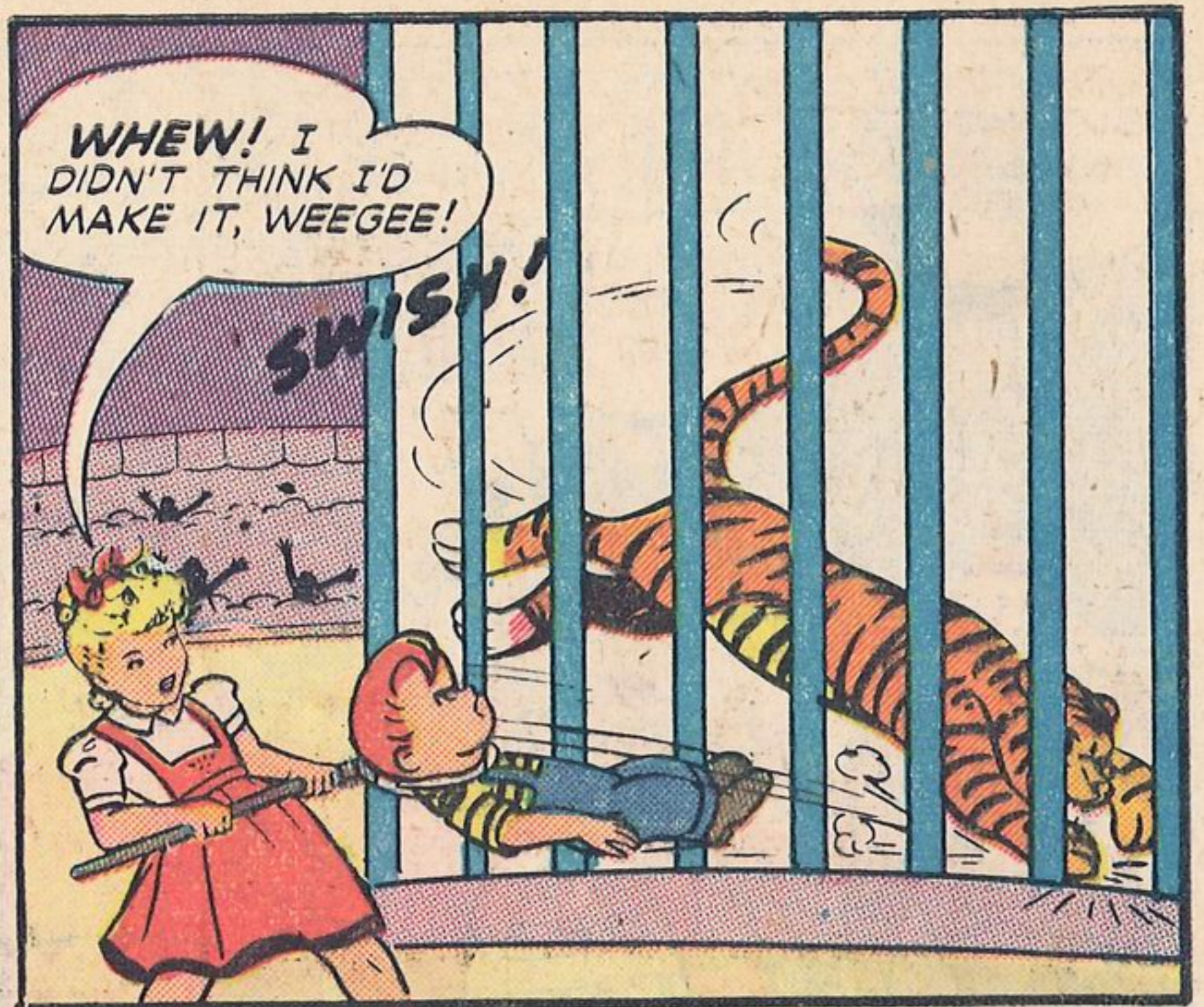
LOOK AT THAT! I CAN
BALANCE A BALL ON MY
NOSE, TOO!



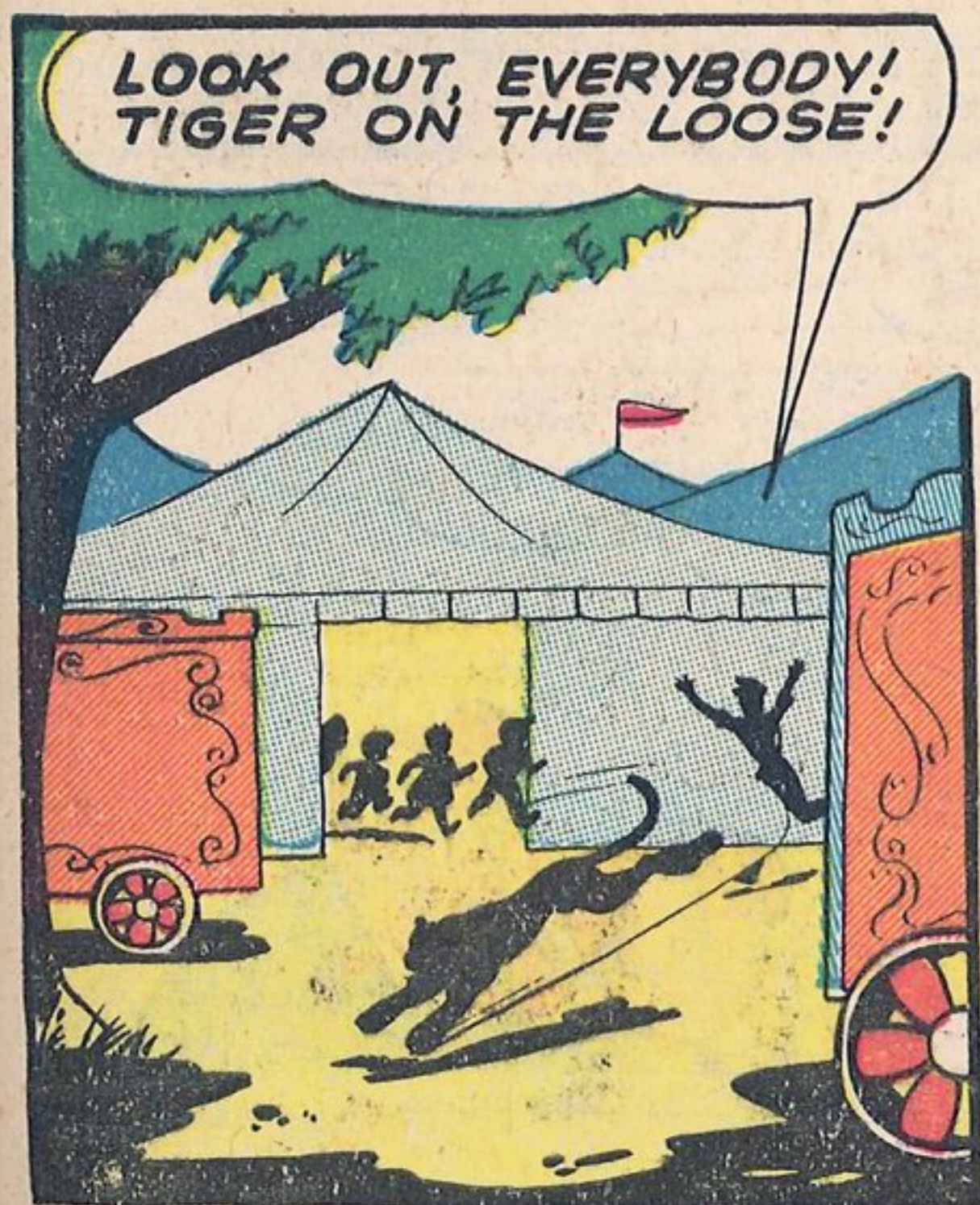
A SUDDEN AIR CURRENT
TAKES THE BALLOON...

YAHHHHHH!
MY BALLOON!

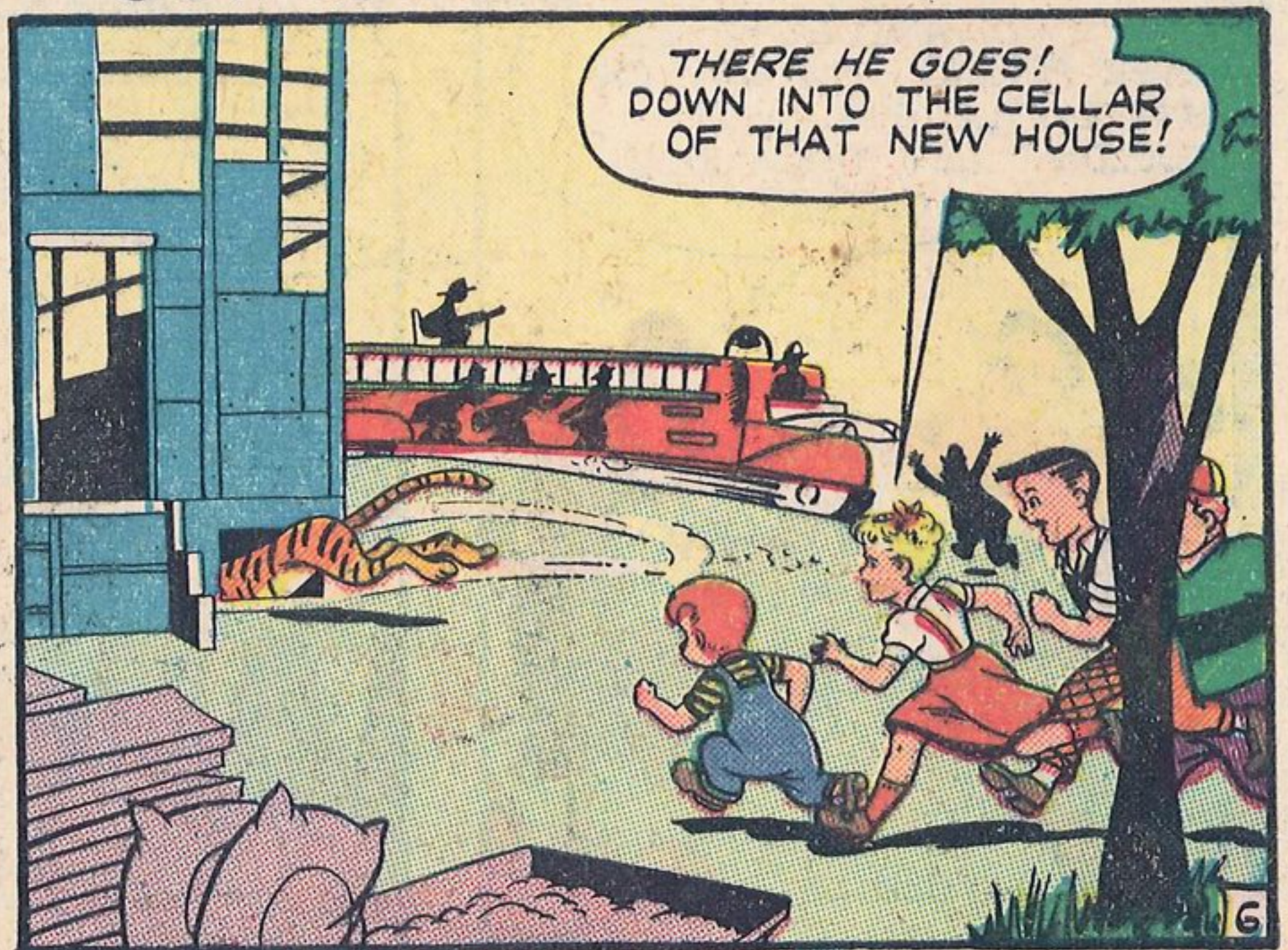




BUT THE ANGERED TIGER IS SEEKING A NEW VICTIM...

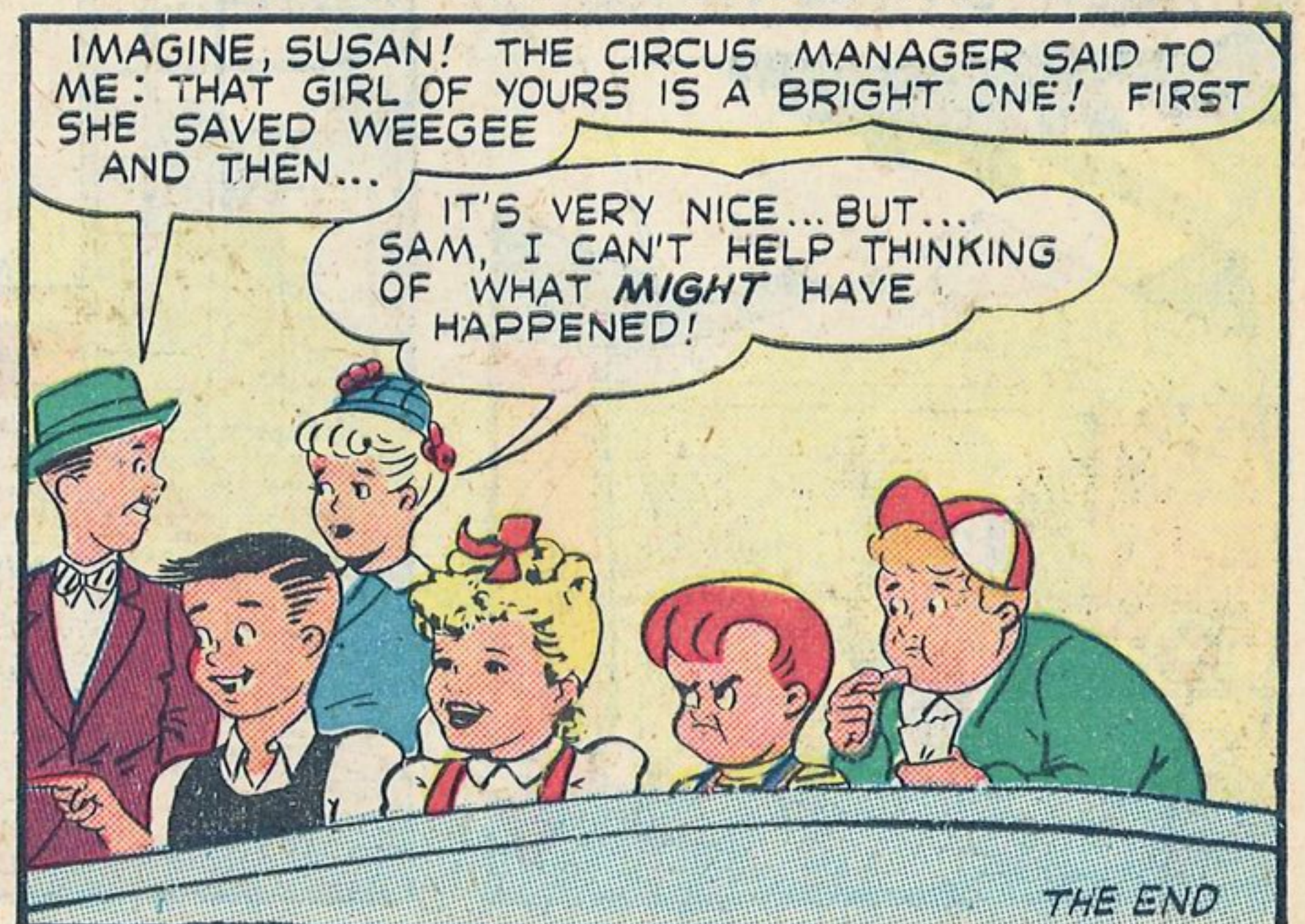


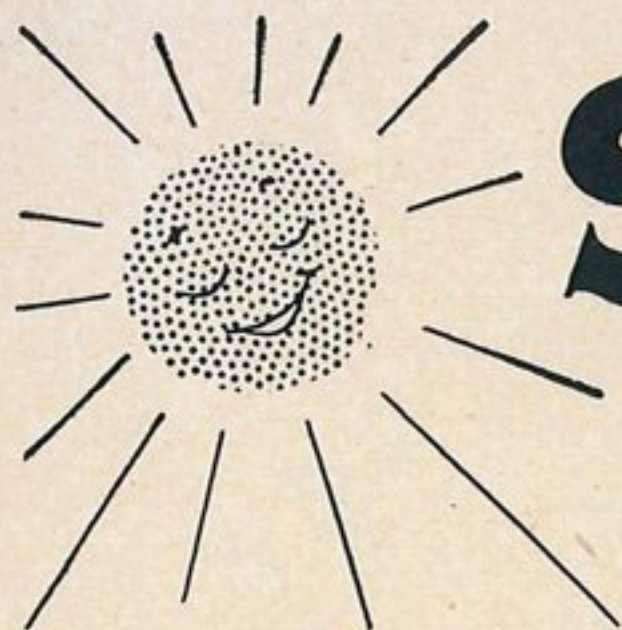
A SHORT DISTANCE FROM THE CIRCUS LOT...





SO THAT NIGHT... FREE PASSES TO THE GANG AND THEIR PARENTS FROM THE CIRCUS MANAGER...

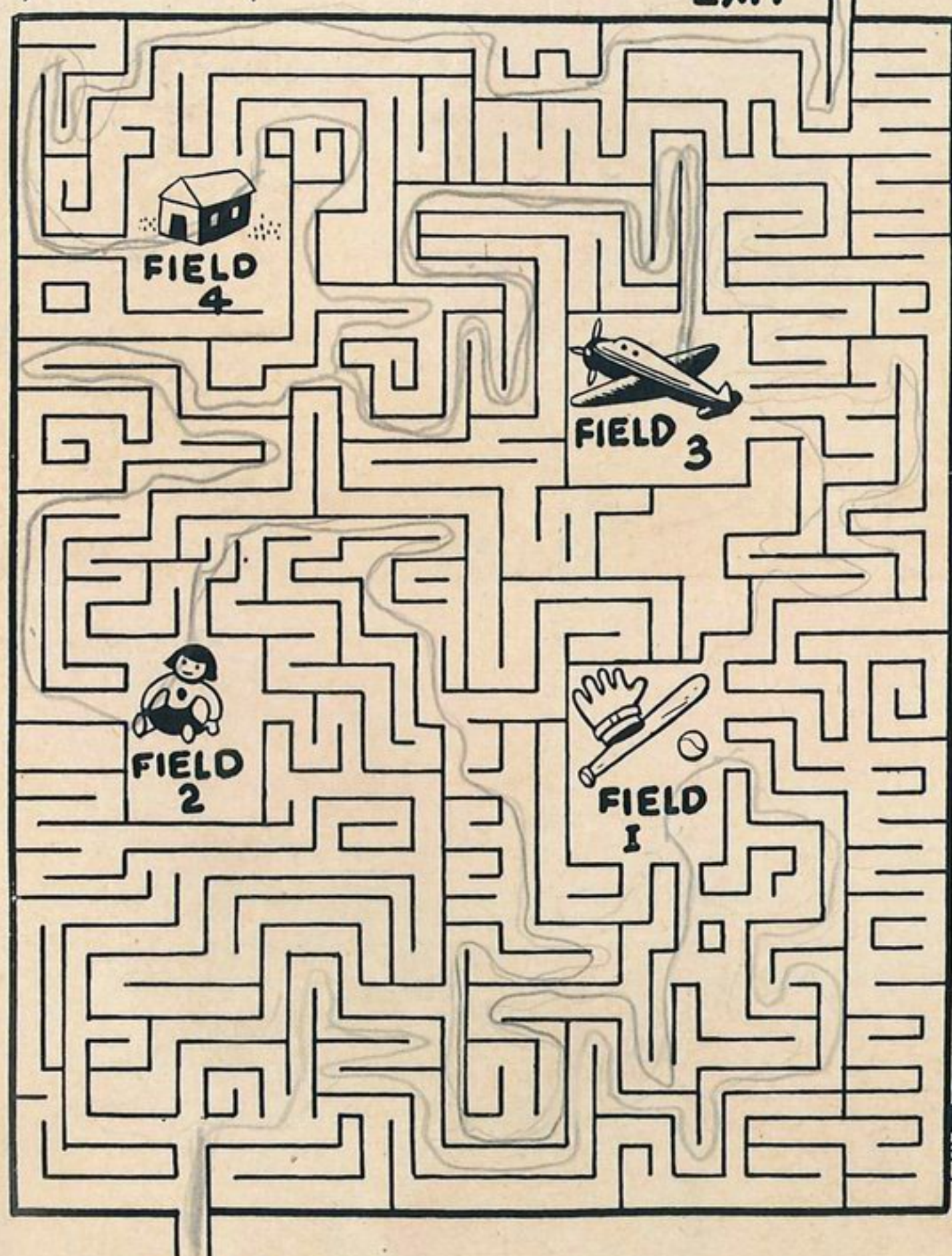




SUNBEAMLAND

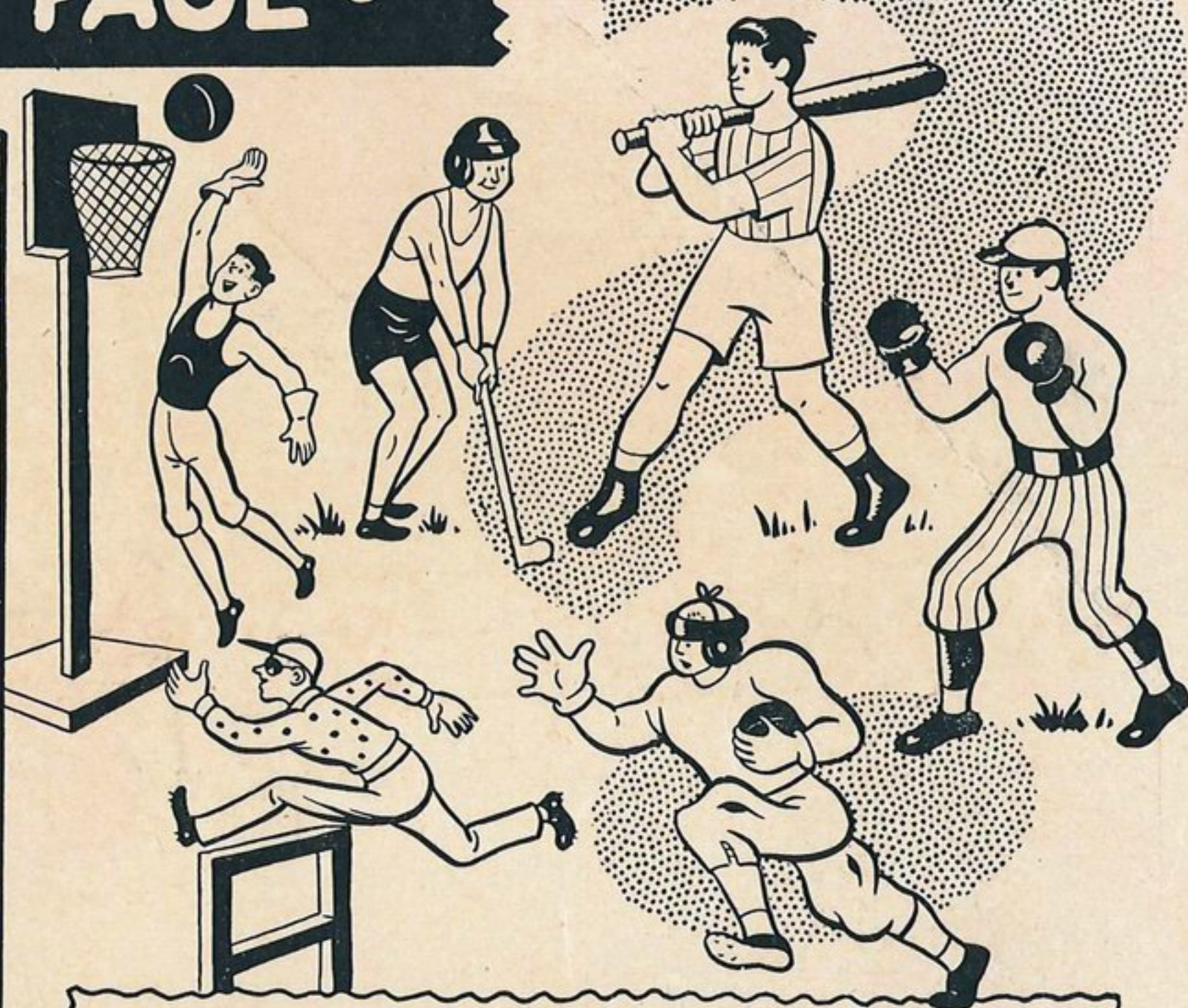
• PUZZLE PAGE •

EXIT

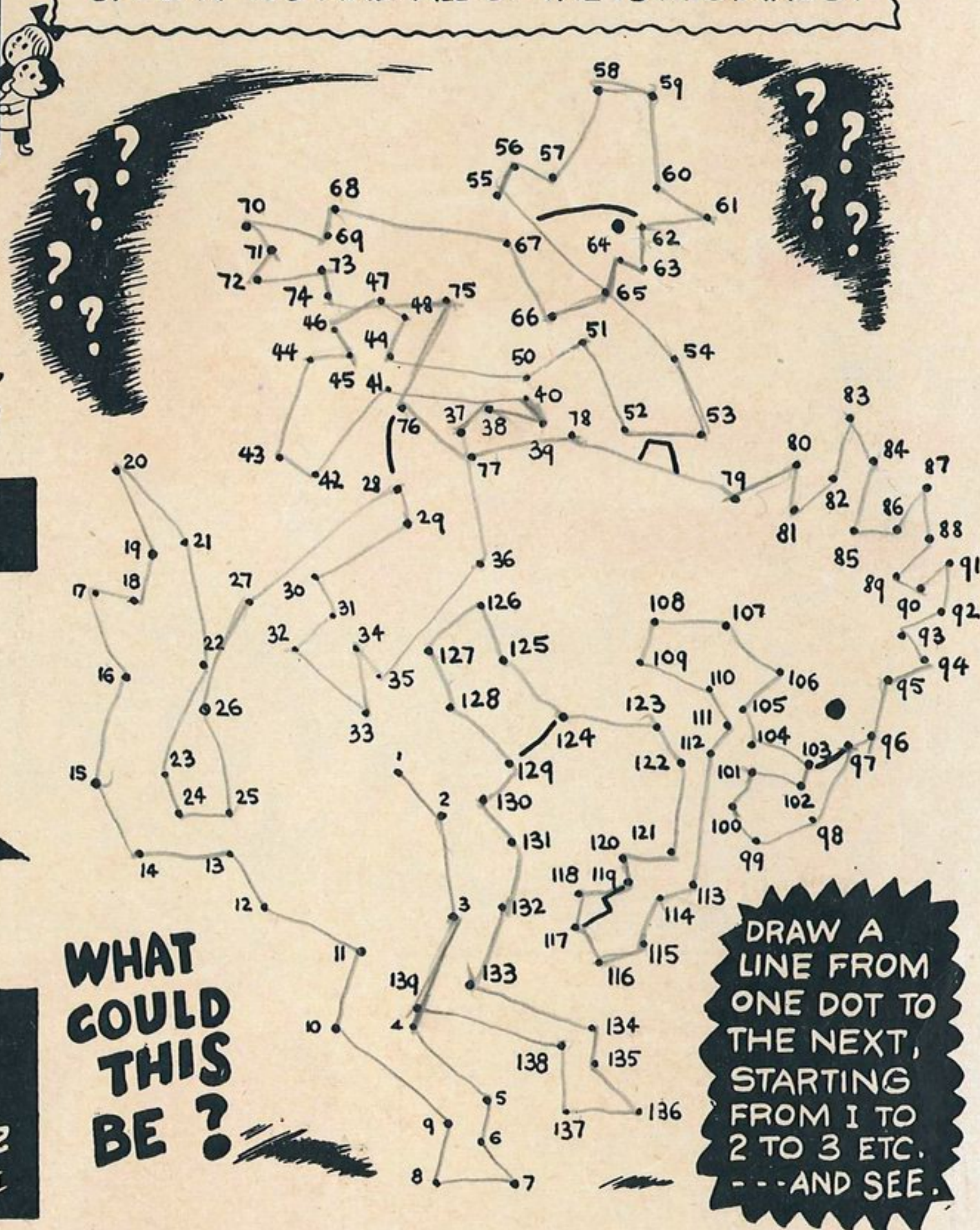


ENTRANCE

JOHNNY AND JILL WERE PROMISED ALL THE TOYS IN THIS PUZZLE IF THEY CAN FIND THEIR WAY TO THEM IN THIS ORDER. FROM THE ENTRANCE TO FIELD I, THEN TO FIELD 2, THEN TO FIELD 3, THEN TO FIELD 4, AND FINALLY TO THE EXIT. CAN YOU HELP THEM?



THE ATHLETES IN THIS PICTURE HAVE THE RIGHT EQUIPMENT FOR THEIR PARTICULAR SPORTS, BUT THEIR UNIFORMS ARE MIXED UP. CAN YOU FIND ALL OF THE 19 MISTAKES?



? TRUE OR FALSE !

① ABRAHAM LINCOLN'S MIDDLE NAME WAS JOHN.
TRUE ---- FALSE ----



② THE SUN RISES FROM THE EAST.
TRUE ---- FALSE ----



③ THERE ARE 25 LETTERS IN THE ALPHABET.
TRUE ---- FALSE ----



! ANSWERS !!!

1. FALSE. HE HAD NO MIDDLE NAME.
2. TRUE. 3. FALSE. THERE ARE 26.

WHAT COULD THIS BE?

DRAW A LINE FROM ONE DOT TO THE NEXT, STARTING FROM 1 TO 2 TO 3 ETC. --- AND SEE.

Sunbeam Sandwiches

MAKE SWELL PICNICS

TWO **SUNBEAM** SANDWICHES HAVE ENOUGH ENERGY UNITS FOR THE KIDS TO SWIM ALL AFTERNOON!

HERE SUNNY, **SUNBEAM BREAD** WILL GIVE YOU PEP!

THANKS, MOM, **SUNBEAM** DOES GIVE ME ENERGY!

THAT'S SOME TRICK, MISTER!

IT'S NOT A TRICK. I EAT **SUNBEAM** FOR ENERGY!

WEEGEE! IF YOU EAT **SUNBEAM BREAD** YOU'LL HAVE PEP ENOUGH TO SWIM!

HOW ABOUT HAVING ME ON THE BASEBALL TEAM? I EAT **SUNBEAM** FOR ENERGY!

SUNBEAM for ENERGY!

ONE **SUNBEAM** SANDWICH GIVES YOU KIDS ENOUGH PEP FOR:

- 3 HOURS OF BASEBALL
- 2½ HOURS OF BICYCLING
- 2 HOURS OF ROWING HARD
- 3 HOURS OF PLAYING GAMES

